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THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

On Longwood's shore the exile stands,
Despair upon his haughty face;
Behind him clasped his useless hands
That fain would rule the human race,
Victor of many hostile lands,
He falls in peace—to him disgrace.

The iron girdle round Sedan
Grows narrower yet; no man can fly;
He fights for death, that broken man,
Capitulates, and does not die.
Not then—while yet the eagle floats
Above a cause worth fighting for—
But cast out by his people's votes,
He fades, like his great ancestor.

At Chiselhurst an Empress weeps:
Half-mast the flags of England wave,
While far away our soldiers sleeps
Securely in a soldier's grave.
What'er the name he might have won,
No grander this in victory's breath—
"He of his race achieved alone
The glorious end—a hero's death."

Last of the Caribs.

You have often told me that you know the island of Martinique. Then you have heard them speak of the Caravelle. It is a wild isthmus, so called by the sailors from a Spanish wreck. The sea is always raging wild enough there. Ah, you should see the waves as they leap madly on the rocks. Then they break into drizzling white foam—sheets a furlong broad—and then fall back in vain. And it is always going on: it never ceases. There my father's house was situated.

But farther down, the country changes entirely; it becomes perfectly fascinating. The two sides of the isthmus resemble two fairy lakes. It was for this reason that its proprietor, the Count de Saint Croix, called it Beau Sejour—the beautiful home.

The Saint Croix family and ours formed, so to speak, only one, we were so intimate. Francis, the Count's only son, was like a brother with my sister and me.

Any who had seen us, three-in-hand, running, like deer, over the sand, our hair lifted by the breeze, mingling our merry laughter with the murmur of the waves, would have believed that there are some happy beings here on earth.

Our greatest pleasure was to run out on the caves, or sand-bars, and a hunt of shells. We left at sunrise, a little basket on our arms. The songs of the negroes fishing in their log canoes, came to us over the water.

One winter day we returned from running on the sands. It was an evening foreboding storm. Distant lightnings darted across the sky. Julia was delayed by endeavoring to tear up from a seafan a shell. The tide rose until the sand-bank on which she stood became an island. The poor girl became alarmed, and lifting her arms, cried aloud for assistance. Her long, black braids flapped in the the storm-wind, and coiled, like serpents, around her neck.

The negroes, hearing the cries, came in their canoes. Before they arrived, Francis had swam across, and stood by his sister, supporting her.

They carried her beneath the palm trees which bordered the shore. With her arms entwined around her brother, she cast on him glances of love; but from time to time looked regretfully toward the island.

"Who will bring me my shells?" she cried, at last.

And, as if she had power to command the elementary spirits, there suddenly arose a deep, strange voice, which exclaimed' 'I."

A man of copper hue, grey eyes, bushy browns, long hair, dripping with salt water, came forth from the waves, bearing the wished-for shells.

"Father Sassa!" cried all the negroes.

Father Sassa was neither white, mulatto, nor black. He was of the indigenous Carib race. His family, a last remnant of the original tribes found by the Spaniards, had escaped the massacre of civilization and taken refuge among the rocks of our wild peninsula. But the family had been sadly reduced under the English rule of the island, and Sassa survived. He bore the title of cacique, though without subject to rule. His name was Sassaggari, but the blacks, following their custom of giving diminutives, always called him Father Sassa.

He had brought the longed-for shells to Julia. When he first heard her cry, he had plunged into the waves.

"Ah! what a horrible shell!" I cried, perceiving a dark mass in the hand of the Carib. "Why, 'tisn't worth the pain it has cost. Throw it back into the sea, Father Sassa."

"To the sea! to the sea!" cried all the negroes.

But the Carib, deaf to these murmurs, advanced with us under the shade of the cocoa trees.

"Little whites," said he, "you love what shines and for that reason do not throw away this shell. It is colorless on the surface, but it gleams within. The stars of night have marked its heart."

"What, Father Sassa," we cried, "do you mean to say that you can see through the shell?"

The cacique stretched out a hand toward the last rock of the Caravelle, where his little hut gleamed out and vanished every moment in the frequent lightning.

"Come there," said he, "and you will learn more.

And entering his canoe he disappeared.

The lightning grew more brilliant: large drops quickly falling announced a coming tropical hurricane. We hastened homeward, bearing the shell.

The next morning the banana trees beaten down in the fields, the uprooted trees borne afar by torrents, were the only indications of the storm of the previous night. The heaven and the sea rested, calm and beautiful, after their wild passions had been gratified..

We started for the cabin of Father Sassa.

We found the Carib seated on a large stone before his dwelling, preparing nets for fishing. Seeing us he raised his heavy eyebrows; his strange eyes gleamed, as with a gratified feeling that we had remembered him and what he had told us the evening before.

"Who gave me this twine to mend my nets with?" said he.

"I, Father Sassa," replied Julia.

"Who gave me this good knife to cut the twine, make the wooden needles, cover my cabin with reeds, curve my canoe?"

"I, Father Sassa," replied Francis.

"And for that," continued the cacique, "Sassaggari follows you wherever you go. Sassaggari would let the sharks eat him before a hair of your head should be injured. Sassaggari saw the little master and mistress struggling against the sea; he went under the water; he saved their shell."

"But what is this shell, Father Sassa? I inquired; "and what was the meaning of all the sorceries of Zombi (a negro fetish), which you told us yesterday evening under the cocoa trees?"

"See!" said the Carib, pointing with his finger to the fragment of shells heaped up around his hut, "see what remains of Sassaggari, my father, who was the first in these lands to walk securely beneath the deep."

We observed that the shells were of the same kind as ours.

"The white strangers chased our fathers from their home. We are not negroes. To escape from slavery the old Sassaggari embarked his family in his canoe; but he would not leave behind him the shells which bring luck to the fisherman and keep afar the witchcrafts of the water. The whites suspected some mystery. They broke the shells against the rocks. Furious at finding nothing but the white gleam of the shells, they persued us—we rowed in vain. They shot all except me, who saved myself by swimming under the water. I have caught since then far more than they have snapped up, the blood-suckers. The rock only, besides Sassaggari, knows the nest where they slumber. But keep the shell of yesterday, little whites; when it speaks, Sassaggari will reply. He who sings in the shells the plaints of the sea, and who paints the sunrise on their faces, will make the stars of heaven sink into their heart." So the Carib spoke. He was motionless, his glance sweeping afar to the verge of the horizon.

We silently left him and gained our cool hall before the burning noon made it intolerable without.

But these early happy days were coming to an end. We were about to quit this pleasant paradise for new scenes.

We grew up. Our parents spoke of sending Francis and me to France. When Julie heard this she sighed—was agitated.

One evening my father came home from the town and said that passage had been taken for us on board a vessel which would sail in two weeks.

My poor sister, the news was terrible to her. I think I can see her now during these days. She would sit for hours under a palm tree, looking at the deep blue sea.

Once when Francis stole up to her, taking her hand, he said in the tenderest tones:

"My lily, what is it you see there at the bottom of the sea?"

"I see," she replied, "the white sail of a ship which bears you far away—away!"

The Count consoled them both, and, passing his hands over the golden curls of his boy, said:

"You love Julia very much, then."

"Yes, papa; and were I never to see her again, I would drown myself."

The day of departure came. We bade adieu. Julia, pale as a sheet, came to us with her shells.

She gave the finest to Francis, and, taking me by the hand, said:

"Jules, I give you this horrible old shell; don't forget that I found it that evening when Francis ... life ... memory of your sister and of her love for Francis."

Six years later, during the winter of 1747–8, a young man completed a highly successful course of studies at the University of Paris and entered aristocratic life. It was the Vicompte de St. Croix.

We made our preparations to return to Martinique. Between our departure and the wedding there came an obstacle. This obstacle was a revolution.

The freedom of the blacks was proclaimed. The Count de St. Croix was ruined. He hoped to save his crop by borrowing. The money was obtained and wasted in vain efforts.

Francis rose in dignity and energy during this trial. "I will overcome this disaster," he said. "I will not be crushed. I will go to America; a few years of labor, and we shall be reunited, and Julie shall be mine."

He left soon for Havre and for New York. Not long after his departure his father, the old Count, arrived in Paris. He hoped to obtain from the Government some indemnity for his lost estate. Every effort was in vain. One morning the poor old Count tottered into my room, and, casting himself on the sofa, exclaimed:

"All is lost!"

In sudden alarm I started up to relieve him, and so suddenly as to overthrow a heavy tab e. Owing to its concussion, the portraits of Julie, which hung on the wall, fell to the ground, and with it the shell, which rested upon the portion of the frame. As the shell fell it separated into two portions, from which rolled three white balls.

They were the three stars of night—three extremely large, immensely valuable pearls!

That very day the first jeweler in Paris gave us $30,000 for the three pearls.

We met again in Martinique. The marriage was solemnized. We sought the old Indian, and cast ourselves, shedding tears of gratitude, into his arms.

"Father Sassa," said Francis, "You told us the truth. We found the stars of heaven in the shells of the sea."

The eyes of the chief shone with a strange light. "Who were kind to the poor Indian? Who gave him wood for his canoe, a knife for fishing? Who were good to him? for all that children, follow me!"

He placed his hand on a great smooth stone, or rather rock, which seemed cast, where it was by the fury of the waves.

"Sassaggari goes to the south. He goes to the hidden land to join his fathers. There they live in the city, where all is gold, where the race of the Incas of the south and the Aztecs of the north talk the old sacred language of the serpent and of the sun. There the voice of the white was never heard. Children, adieu!"

He rolled away the stone. It covered the entrance of the cave, in which we saw piled high hundreds of shells, containing pearls. We stood bewildered at the sight of such enourmous wealth, and then turned to embrace the Carib. He had disappeared. But far off, in the last rays of the setting sun, vanishing in its purple mist, we saw a canoe paddled by one dusky form, which waved us an adieu.

We had gained a million. On the grotto we had placed the inscription: "The Sassagari, last of the Caribs of this isle."

You are more sure of success in the end if you regard yourself as a man of ordinary talent, with plenty of hard work before you, than if you think yourself a man of genius, and spend too much time in watching your hair grow long, that you may convince people that you are not like other folk,

The First Pair of Pants.

When the eventful time arrives in which the pants are finished, the earth is hardly large enough to contain our embryo young man.

How his eyes shine, and how his cheeks glow! and he struts like a peacock with all sail set, and thrusts his arms to the elbows into the capacious pockets, which will, in a short time, be filled with a miscellaneous collection of twine, fish hooks, old buttons, nails, jack knives, whistles, angleworms, spruce gum, bullets, hard-shelled bugs, fragments of stolen cookies, and other articles usually found in boys' pockets.

All the aunts in the house must admire him in his new toggery. All of them must kiss him and shake him, and tell him he looks like a man.

He will tuck the legs of his new pants into his stockings by the time he has them on an hour, to make believe the stockings are boots and the streets are muddy. He will sit cross legged like papa, and tip over backward in the vain attempt to put his heels on the table, like Uncle Jack does when he is reading and smoking.

If you want to make him your mortal enemy for life, insinuate that he is too small for pants and call him the baby!

How his blood will boil! and how all the revengeful elements in his boyish heart will come to the front, and he will tell Tommy Jones you are a nasty old thing! and he wishes you'd fall in a well as Towzer did!

Among his young companions, the boy with his first pair of pants is a general-in-chief. He issues orders which are obeyed. The mud-pie-making business goes agreeably to his commads. He "bosses" the playing horse and "tag' proceeding, and puts down the other boys unmercifully with the cry:

"Don't mind them! They're only girls in petticoats and gowns!"

To all the callers at his house, he says at once:

"See my new pants!" and then he shows the pockets and stretches out his dumpy little legs, and feels proud and happy in a manner that will never come to him again.

He wants to climb trees and ride horses, and stand on his head, like the other boys; and if the new pants continue intact for a week, under the strain inflicted upon them, then the cloth was genuine, and the tailor was loyal to his profession.

Never laugh or ridicule the boy with his first pair of pants!

... unalloyed enjoyment, do not meddle with it. Let no scornful smile come over your face when you see the exultation of the boy in his first pair of pants! The man who would willingly mar such a state of felicity would steal the cents off the eyes of a dead mother-in-law.

Death ot a Desperado.

John Barrett, a New York burglar, confined in Sing Sing prison, lately outraged the laws of that penal institution, and officers McCormick and Mackin were detailed to bring him down stairs. He was led out of his work cell to the main hall in front of the chaplan's office, but while standing there he continually kept his hands in his pockets. He was told to take his hands out and fold his arms, but as he was raising his arms to fold them he stepped back somewhat, and one of the officers saw that he had a sharp knife in his hands. Officer McCormick at once struck at him with his cane and drove him back, and just as officer Mackin was warned that Barrett had a knife, the convict plunged it into Mackin's left thigh, inflicting an ugly wound several inches deep. The wounded man having been cared for by others, Officer McCormick pursued Barrett, who, by this time had fled to the North end of the yard. Reinforcements soon came up, but the convict, who was a young man of about twenty-one, was too fleet for his pursuers. He had disappeared and for a time their search was fruitless. Officer Good, who had in the meantime been ordered to join in the chase, happened to pass through the moulding-shop. There he was informed by one of the workmen that Barrett had just been in there and armed himself with several pieces of iron known as "sprues," and that he had climbed up the roof. Quick as lightning Good jumped through one of the windows that cover the roof, and he had just one foot outside when one of the heavy "sprues" was hurled at him, but fortunately it only grazed his head. Barrett hallooed to him: "If you come near me I'll kill you." The convict was then about fifteen feet from the officer, while another keeper was stationed at the other end of the roof. Good called upon him to surrender, when, in reply, another sharp piece of iron was hurled at him. The officer then drew his revolver and fired without taking aim, advancing at the same time steadily, but cautiously, along the roof. The shot, however, did not frighten Barrett a single moment. From the roof he went through a window into the cupola room, this time followed by both officers. There, too, he defied both of them to approach, and while one of them called for more help, the fellow escaped from the roof down into the moulding rooms to the very spot where his ordinary working place was. That was about half-past eleven o'clock. He was now once more in the midst of his comrades with only a few keepers around him. There he stood, as the pursuing officers found him, leaning against a huge water tank, and, having armed himself in the meantime with a "rammer"—a most formidable tool used in the foundry—he defied the officers to come near him. Right in this and the adjoining shop some two hundred convicts are employed. When they heard the noise they all came rushing on as if ready for a fight. One fellow went up to Barrett and whispered words of cheer to him, telling him to hold his ground, they would all stand by him. Thus encouraged, still holding the "rammer" in one hand, he took with the other a riveting hammer from the shelf, testing it first and then swinging it with defiance at the officers. It was now a critical moment. The whistle had just blown for dinner, and some of the convicts were forming in line. Extreme caution had to be taken now by the officers. The least mistake on their part, and over two hundred convicts would have hurled all the mass of iron and tools that lay around in the shop at their heads, and made short work of them. Taking in the situation at a glance, Biglin, the chief keeper, began to parley with Barrett, telling him not to make a fool of himself and to surrender. Barrett said: "If you promise not to paddle me for this I will go." Biglin, however, made no promise. "Then," said Barrett, "I'll be G——d——d if I surrender!" swinging his formidable weapons defiantly at the officers. Over a hundred convicts were cheering him on. Once more Biglin urged him to surrender, but Barrett raised his hammer and was about to hurl it at Biglin's head when Officer Good again drew his revolver and said: "Barrett, if you fire that hammer I'll shoot you." Derisive laughter, groans and catcalls now arose from all parts of the foundry. The line of convicts which had been formed preparatory to dinner, was broken, the men were circling around the officers, crowding them on, hooting and yelling. Somebody in the back part of the foundry here called out: "He dare not shoot!" Then arose the cry all around the officers: "You are cowards! You dare not shoot!" and it became high time to show them at least that the shooting-irons were ready. Up went the revolvers from half a dozen pockets, and, while Officer Good kept his revolver pointed at Barrett, the other officers, having stationed themselves in a semi-circle, pointed theirs at the threatening convicts, some of whom had now begun to reform their line. "I am going in that line," exclaimed Barrett. "If you do," said Good, "it will not be well for you." Barrett's object evidently was to go with the convicts into the mess-room. and, with the aid of the twelve hundred fellows there assembled, create a general revolt. With all the appearance of a leader among desperate men, he swung his weapon defiantly to and fro. "I am going in that line; do what you d——n please," he exclaimed next, and made a motion as if to leap in the gangway, whitner the other convicts had been driven by the ugly appearance of the officer's revolvers. Seeing, however, that he could not get there he lifted his heavy hammer and was aiming it at Officer Good when, just as he raised it over his head ready to strike, Good fired. Barrett stumbled into the gangway. He was with his comrades now, but a dead man. The moment this shot was fired the convicts scattered, they had seen that the officers meant business; and while several of the latter had now come forward with drawn revolvers to protect their fellow keepers, Officers Biglin and Good carried the dead body of the convict to the hospital. He had lived just four minutes after he had been shot.

A Venal Lawyer.

An Irish lawyer, named Grady, had wit and ... science." The following anecdotes reveal his character: He had been elected one of the members for Limerick in the Irish House of Commons, and soon became one of the Government's staunch supporters. When remonstrated with on going against the wishes of his constituents who were opposed to the Union, he very resolutely declared his ideas to be strongly in favor of that project, and hinted the Government had made it worth his while to vote for that measure.

"What!" cried his indignant remonstrator, "do you mean to sell your country?"

"Thank God," cried this pure patriot, "that I have a country to sell."

He was very coarse in his expressions, and when reminded that he owed his position to his constituents, he said:

"I care nothing for my constituents; I get nothing good from them. Sure, if I only shake hands with them, they give me the itch."

Grady exercised much influence in court by what he termed his "jury eye."

His right eye was constantly used in winking at the jury when he wished them to note some particular answer from an adverse witness.

Appearing in court one morning in his depressed spirits, which, for one of rather usual joyous temperament, was very unusual, a sympathizing friend said:

"Harry, are you unwell? You are not as lively as usual."

"How can I be, my dear fellow?" he answered.

"What's the matter with you?"

"*My jury eye is out of order*," was the reply.

Trying to Astonish a Pawnbroker.

The imperturbability and extreme caution of the average pawnbroker are proverbial, The other day a young man of an experimental and facetious turn of mind resolved to astonish a pawnbroker or die in the attempt. So, entering the secret shrine, he gave the officiating pontiff a $10 gold-piece and said: "Well, old man! how much'll you advance me on that?" The pawnbroker tested, rang and weighed the coin, dropped a little aquafortis upon it, and replied: "I can let you have $4 on it." "Four Erebuses?" cried the young man; "why, it's worth more!" "Well, yes," answered the pawnbroker; "the gold is good, evidently. But it's very old-fashioned—it was made in 1834—and isn't worth any more than it's weight in old metal. Besides, there is such fluctuation in gold and silver. I've seen gold up to 285, and silver down to 84. How do I know but that silver may go up to 285, and gold down to 84? I can't take any risks in my business like that, you know! But I'll tell you what I'll do, seeing it is you; I don't mind letting you have $5 on it. But don't let the boss know, for he has the heart disease, and the shock might kill him!" "Gimme $7, and I'll take it!" said the impetuous youth; but the pawnbroker shook his head so sternly that he knew it was no go; and so, picking up his $10 piece, he departed. He returned three minutes afterward, and throwing down the same piece, said to the pawnbroker: "Say! can you give me two $5 greenbacks for this?" "Certainly, sir!" said the pawnbroker calmly, and produced the notes. "You sweet-scented old idiot!" said the young man as he pocketed the bills, "that's the same $10 piece that you wouldn't lend me $7 on at interest a minute ago!" "I know it, my friend," said the pawnbroker. "That was business! that was business!"

—There is said to be a man in Allentown, Pa., who has 1000 parrots for sale

Wedding Gifts.

In the weddings of the poorer classes in Ireland this levying contributions on guests never takes place; but however poor Paddy may be, his pride revolts from the appearance of poverty on such an occasion. There is a collection, however to raise a sum for liberally compensating the clerical gentleman who "has tied the knot," and in the house of a rich farmer, this swells up to a good round sum. In Wales among the small farmers and traders, the custom prevails to this day of "bidding," not single guests but whole families to a wedding. That such an advent is to come off, with the where and when, is duly advertised in the local newspapers with a request that all persons who in times past, have been similarly obliged in that manner, will attend, bringing presents for the bride and bridegroom. Besides this, particular and almost peremptory invitations in writing, are sent to each household on whom the to-be-wedded folks may have some special claim for former generosity under like circumstances. Presents of all sorts—food, flour, fuel, table, and chamber linen, even sheep, lambs, calves, goats and ponies. are among the gifts. In Germany there is the "pay wedding," at which the bride receives her guests with a basin before her, each person depositing a jewel, silver spoon, or a piece of money, at the same time apologizing for the donation being so far below value compared with the damsel's deserts. In some parts of Germany the rule is that the expenses of the marriage feast shall be met by each guest paying for what he eats and drinks—just as if he were in a hotel, but not at fair hotel prices. Thus the entertainment sometimes extends over several days, and the young people often realize a sum out of the profits sufficient to start them fairly in life. From one to three hundred guests are often present throughout these festivals. Sometimes the flow of presents takes a very different course. In Poland a lady is not regarded as eligible for double blessedness until she wrought with her own hand, cloth and garments for each of her future lord's friends (groomsmen) accompanying him to the altar. In Norway, the clergymen has to be propitiated with two or three bladders of mince meat, made by the hand of the bride, and a bottle or two of brandy. In that country most presents made on wedding occasions take the tangible form of larder and ... In most countries, at the present time, wedding presents may be said to abound. This system of inviting people to a wedding reception and expecting them to make a valuable present has become a serious tax, and though much money is thus expended, the result is generally not quite satisfactory.

Eastern and Western Story Telling.

Its no use for an eastern man to try to tell a big story when there is a western man about. "When I was a young man," said Colonel B., "we lived in Illinois. The farm had been well-wooded, and the stumps were pretty thick. But we put the corn in among them and managed to raise a fair crop. The next season I did my share of the ploughing. We had a 'sulky' plough, and I sat in the seat and managed the horses, four as handsome bays as ever a man drew rein over. One day I found a stump right in my way. I hated to back out, so I just said a word to the team, and if you'll believe it they just walked that plough right through that stump as though it had been cheese." Not a soul expressed surprise, but Major S., who had been a quiet listener, remarked quietly, "It's curious, but I had a similar experience myself once. My mother always made our clothes in those days as well as the cloth they were made of. The old lady was awful proud of her homespun—said it was the strongest cloth in the state. One day I had just ploughed through a white-oak stump in the way you speak of Colonel. But it was a little too quick for me. It came together before I was out of the way, and nipped the seat of my trousers. I felt mean I can tell you, but I put the string on the ponies, and if you'll believe it, they just snaked that stump out, roots and all. Something had to give, you know."

An Oriole's Spite Against a Dog.

An incident interesting to students of natural history occurred a few days ago at a residence in Rochester, N. Y. In front of the house a small tree is growing, in which an oriole some time ago took up its abode, building a nest and evidencing an intention to raise a family. The owner of the house has a spaniel, over which he has shot innumerable game birds within a few years past. From the time the oriole began to build its nest it exhibited a marked antipathy to the dog, flying at him boldly whenever he came in front of the house, and pecking him until he retired from the field. This occurred several times, the bird always coming off victorious. Of late the oriole has shown more objection than common to the dog, perhaps because there are now some young ones in the nest. Recently the unhappy spaniel came out to lie on the front steps, but was not allowed to enjoy his rest unbroken, for the oriole swept down on him, pecked his back, flapped his wings in his eyes, and made it so uncomfortable for him that the dog ran into the house. But his trouble did not end there, for the bird went into the house after him, beating him continually.

"My Lord, a Letter."

Edwin Forrest's career as an actor furnished the foundation for many stories which he told with great enjoyment. One which was a favorite with him ran in this wise: While playing an engagement at one of the theatres in Philadelphia, he desired to produce a certain piece with a full and complete cast of characters. Among the minor parts was a page, whose duty it was to deliver a package and pronounce the simple sentence: "My Lord, a letter!" Mr. Forrest had attended to all the main charcters with his usual care, and had a company entirely to his judgment. This being the case he anticipated an exceptional success for the play when it should be enacted. The first rehearsal of the piece was called, and Mr. Forrest who had entrusted the stage manager with the duty of procuring a lad to fill the role of the page, asked if that personage was on hand and prepared. The manager assured him the lad was in the theatre and master of his lines. The first two acts went off in good style and Mr. Forrest was in high spirits. At the opening of the third act he took his seat in the chair of family state and waited the entrance of the page. It was not a dress rehersal and hence each actor was in his every day clothing. When the cue was given the page appeared. He was a sharp-featured, black-eyed lad, about sixteen years of age. His gait was the mixture of the strut of a dandy and the roll of a sailor. He was clad in clothing coarse in texture and loud in color. His pantaloons was stuffed in the tops of his boots and his hands encased in a pair of gloves of a decided lemon color. Had the Gorgon head appeared to Mr. Forrest it could not have more effectively transformed him into stone. He was speechless and motionless. While in this condition the page advanced, and presenting the package said:

"My Lord, a letter."

The wonderful and fearful appearance of the lad and the manner in which he pronounced the words, the latter partaking of the best qualites of John Owens as *Jakey*, the butcher fireman, aroused all the humorous element of Mr. Forrest and gazing upon the lad for a moment, he said:

"That will not do my boy. Try it again."

The lad did try again and again. But with no better success. He could not master the stage walk. He could meaning or pronunciation of the message. It was *Jakey* in all respects. But the patience of Mr. Forrest did not give way. He saw the lad was in earnest and wished to help. At last he arose from his seat and said to the page:

"Sit down, my boy, and I will show you how to do it."

Acting upon the idea Mr. Forrest went to the wings, and advancing in his best manner, presented the letter and pronounced the words. Then laying his hand upon the shoulder of the lad, he said in a kindly manner:

"That is the way to do it, my boy. Can you not act and speak in that manner?"

The lad evidently struck with the acting of Mr. Forrest assumed a more upright attitude, and said in a bold, confident tone:

"If I could do it that way, Mr. Forrest, I would not act for fifty cents a night."

The answer was so apt and ready that Mr. Forrest could only answer: "Right my boy, right." But he did not forget the page.

A Forest Fire.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Uffner, and their daughter, twelve years old, drove from Frackville, Shenandoah, Pa., recently, in an ordinary farm wagon drawn by two horses. After driving along awhile he observed that the woods were on fire on both sides of the road. After driving through the fire several hundred yards, the smoke became so dense that the travelers were nearly suffocated, and they had to lie down in the wagon bed to prevent being smoothered. He then urged the horses into a gallop, having first to belabor them with a cudgel, and the race continued over the rough mountain road for a considerable distance with the flames roaring on both sides, and myriads of sparks falling in and about the wagon. Mrs. Uffner's dress caught fire, and her husband dropped the reins to assist her in extinguishing it, when she fainted in his arms. While he was endeavoring to bring his wife back to consciousness, the horses were tearing along at a breakneck speed, the wagon swerved, jolted and swung around in anything but a comfortable manner. Mrs. Uffner became conscious in a few seconds, however, and just then her husband saw a cloud of dense black smoke enveloping the road, and knew that they had reached the outskirts of the fire and were safe. The travelers were all slightly burned, but fortunately escaped without any serious injuries. Some idea of the terrible heat they passed through may be had when it is stated that the paint on the wagon was burned entirely off, and the horses' hair was scorched in hundreds of places by the clouds of sparks that fell on them. On the same day the omnibus that carries passengers from Frackville to Shenondoah ran the gauntlet, and the driver was severely scorched.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

From inordinate love and vain fear ariseth all disquietness of heart and distraction of the mind.

My son, take it not grievously if some think ill of thee, and speak that which thou wouldst not willingly hear.

Death, to the Christian, is the funeral of all his sorrows and evils, and the resurrection of all his joys.

The first time a man deceives you, the fault is his; if he deceives you the second time, the fault is your own.

Circumstances cannot control genius; it will wrestle with them; its power will bend and break them to its path.

The direct and proper act of faith is of perpetual use and necessity, and then most when there is least of assurance.

He who, with wealth, has a true wife, a dutiful child, a true friend, may laugh adversity to scorn, and defy the world.

One moment of true love and happiness among years of sorrow is worth more than a lifetime of quiet, even monotony.

The angel who ministers to a dying beggar may hold himself as highly honored as he who keeps the gate of heaven.

They who prepare the soil of the world for the seed are but little known; for unto those who sowed is ascribed the golden harvest.

Looking up so high, worshipping so silently, we tramp out the hearts of flowers that lift their bright heads for us and die alone.

A passionate man should be regarded with the same caution as a loaded blunderbuss, which may accidentally go off and do us an injury.

If none were to reprove the vicious, excepting those who sincerely hate vice, there would be much less censoriousness in the world.

It is no small wisdom to keep silence in an evil time, and in thy heart to turn thyself to God, and not to be troubled by the judgment of men.

The man or woman whom excessive caution holds back from striking the anvil with earnest endeavor, is poor and cowardly of purpose.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing. A weak defense strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star.

Do not despise the opinion of the world; you might as well say that you care not a fig for the light of the sun, because you can find a candle.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, therefore, he that can perceive it, hath it not.

Let not thy peace depend on the tongues of men; for, whether they judge well of thee or ill, thou art not ... Where are true peace and true glory? are they not in Me?

—The deepest wretchedness often results from a perpetual continuance of petty trials. A chance look from those we love often produces exquisite or unalloyed pleasure.

A misfortune, like a storm in travelling, gives zest to the sunshine, freshness to the prospect, and often introduces an agreeable companion for the remainder of our journey.

Let every one sweep the drift from his own door and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.

Friendly letters should be written because the words spring spontaneously from the heart, and not from a sense of duty.

A contemplative life has more the appearance of a life of piety than any other; but it is the Divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise.

The immortality of the age says one, is with some men a standing topic of complaint. But if any one likes to be moral I can see nothing in the age to prevent him.

"Doctor," said a gentleman to his clergyman, "how can I best train up my boy in the way he should go?" "By going that way yourself," replied the reverend doctor.

No one can over-estimate his own weakness, or the dangers to which he is continually exposed; no one can overstate the strength, and safety, and comfort, of constantly abiding in Christ.

Whosoever would be sustained by the hand of God, let him constantly lean upon it; whosoever would be defended by it, let him patiently repose himself under it.

To enjoy life you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives greater zest to other things.

To write a good hand, wear a good coat, and keep a good character, are the three requisites for a young man who has his own way to make in the world.

One man gazes on a beautiful landscape, and he is thrilled and satisfied. Another gazes on the same and sees only good land for raising crops. The vision is the same, but the capacity for receiving enjoyment from it vastly different.

Was that a merciful man, who, when he lay dying, said of his vast earthly possessions, to the accumulation of which he had devoted the whole energies of his life—these things have cheated me out of my best interests for eternity.

Wit is not the produce of study; it comes almost as unexpectedly on the speaker as the hearer. One of the first principles of it is good temper. The arrows of wit ought always to be feathered with smiles: when they fail in that they become sarcasms.

Without the preaching of the Gospel a well-governed community becomes lawless; a peaceful community is involved in broils; an intelligent community becomes ignorant; a rich community becomes vicious and ruined; and a community that is poor becomes impoverished.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement. We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1879.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL

Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at

$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square,...	$1 00	$2 50	$3 00	$4 00	$7 00
¼ column,..	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column,..	5 00	7 50	10 00	15 00	25 00
1 column,...	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Job Work done on short notice.

WALTER & DEININGER, Publishers.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Rev. C. F. Deininger, Preacher-in-charge.—Rev. W. W. Hartman will preach next Sunday evening.

Sunday School, 2 P. M.—D. L. Zerby, supt.

Methodist.

Rev. W. R. Whitney, Preacher-in-charge.—

Sunday School, 1 P. M.,—D. Kimport, supt.

Reformed.

Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, Pastor,—

English Preaching in Aaronsburg, next Sunday morning, and in Millheim in the evening.

United Brethren.

Rev. John Landis, Preacher-in-charge.—

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—

Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday morning,—German, and in Millheim in the evening,—English.

United Sunday School, 9 A. M.— B. O. Deininger, supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 365, I. O. O. F. meets in their hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. R. A. Bumiller, Sec. C. W. Hartman, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 6½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. Zerby, Sec. A. O. Deininger, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. Walter, Sec, B. O. Deininger, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
R. H. R. Harter, Sec. J. Hartman, Pres't.

Millheim Escort of Co. B., 5th Regt., N. G., hold their drill meeting on the second story of Alexander's Block, every Tuesday and Friday evening.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR TREASURER,

HON. DANIEL O. BARR,

OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY.

A STATE ISSUE.

The issue in this state between the Democratic and Republican parties is clearly defined and cannot be mistaken or misunderstood. The Democratic state convention denounced in its platform the bold and wicked attempt of Gladstone and thus placed its ticket before the people as the representative of the public sentiment in favor of official integrity and purity. On the other hand the Republican state convention studiously refrained from making any declaration on this important subject and refused to listen to Mr. Wolfe when he asked to be heard in favor of his resolution demanding that honest men should be placed in office. Thus the two parties occupy positions completely antagonistic to each other on the question of personal integrity in public office. It may seem incredible that any political convention should evince so little regard for public opinion as to reject so proper and patriotic a proposition as that of Mr. Wolfe in favor of "honest men in office." But when it is remembered that the Republican managers in this state rely implicitly on their former majority to carry their ticket no matter what they may do or leave undone, it is not so strange that they felt entirely safe in discarding the ideas and suggestions of the reformers in their party. A long and uninterrupted enjoyment of political power has made them arrogant and intolerant and they have come at last to believe that all that is necessary to insure their continued success is to hold a state convention for the ratification of the programme which they have previously prepared. There is yet another reason why the Republican managers would not permit their state convention to place the party on record as against the legislative corruptions of last winter and as in favor of the election of honest men to office, and that is simply this: such action by the convention would have been regarded by the public as a condemnation of some of the managers themselves. Indeed every body knows that Mr. Wolfe's resolution failed because it reflected upon the conduct of certain Republican leaders whom the party dared not offend. Since, therefore, the Republican party in its state convention deliberately rejected a resolution favoring honesty in public office, and rejected that resolution out of abject fear of the displeasure of certain persons connected with the lobby, it will not be difficult for the people of Pennsylvania to decide which ticket ought to receive the support of men who respect themselves and love the honor and welfare of their state.—*Patriot.*

One Republican candidate for President—the proud and lordly Conkling—is most effectually shelved. The scandal story with Mrs. Sprague settles his hash for all time. Men that are being threatened to be shot for being too intimate with other men's wives are not exactly the proper pinks to make good Presidents.

SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.

An Ex Governor threatens to shoot a Senator.

PROVIDENCE R. I., August 9.—A scandal in which the names of Senators Conkling and Sprague were freely used was circulated through the city to-day as well as at Narragansett Pier and vicinity. It was rumored that the Senators had engaged in a bitter quarrel, resulting in the use of a shotgun by Senator Sprague, who was enraged by reason of belief that Conkling and Mrs. Sprague had been intimate.

It is certain that ex-Gov. Sprague has made frequent allusions to his friends of the intimacy between Senator Conkling and Mrs. Sprague, and that he has upon more than one occasion made threats against Mr. Conkling, referring with great bitterness to the fact that Senator Conkling was a constant guest at his wife's residence near Washington during his own absence; that he was frequently seen with her driving about the country roads near that city, and was her attendant at almost every public gathering in or about Washington, while he, the husband, was compelled by the exigencies of his business to remain during the greater part of the year in Providence or in his mills at Cranston.

During Gov. Sprague's absence last week from Narragansett Pier Senator Conkling came to the Sprague mansion. He remained there a visitor, and was on the piazza the next evening conversing with some ladies when Sprague came home from a day's absence with a loaded gun in his hand. He drove to the rear of the house, which is about a mile and a half from the pier, and came through the house in a somewhat excited condition. He got out to the piazza, where he found Senator Conkling conversing with Mrs. Sprague, who was at a window. Gov. Sprague then said addressing Senator Conkling, "are you armed sir?" And Conkling replied, "no I am not." "Then," said ex-Governor Sprague, "I give you five minutes to get off these premises. If you are not away I will fire at you." Ex-Gov. Sprague is said then to have made use of some further exasperating language. Senator Conkling, seeming much surprised, but remembering he was under Sprague's roof, rose and walked a few steps away, while Mrs. Sprague came out of the house and stood between them. Ex Gov. Sprague stood looking at Senator Conkling while a carriage drove up which had been ordered to take Mrs. Sprague for a drive. When Mrs. Sprague found that Ex Governor Sprague was apparently determined on an unpleasant scene, she called for her hat and shawl, which Mrs. Martin a friend and In the house at the time as guests were Mr. and Mrs. Martin, and Miss Martin and Mrs. Alexander, as well as Senator Conkling. The latter soon left the house and went over to the pier, but was followed by Sprague, where there was an exciting and threatening colloquy between the two outside of the most public spot on the whole place. Meantime Mrs. Sprague has left the place, and gossip is busy with the unhappy relations which have long existed between her and her husband.

A Stormy Scene Between Mr. and Mrs. Sprague.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, Aug. 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Sprague had an exciting interview to-day. He accused her of breaking her marriage vows and Senator Conkling of alienating his children from him. Mrs. Sprague in turn accused her husband of general brutality when under the influence of liquor and circulating base and unfounded stories against her character. She said that on more than one occasion she had been in peril of her life, referring distinctly to one occasion when he had pointed a loaded pistol at her and threatened to shoot her. When Governor Sprague referred to Senator Conkling's intimacy with Mrs. Sprague she repelled any insinuation of wrong-doing on her part with great indignation. Mr. Sprague then took the three girls from her to his house, and later in the evening she followed them. To-morrow she is to leave the place. Sprague says that her letter is a tissue of lies.

York County Nominations.

The Democratic County Convention of York county met at York, on the 12th, and nominated the following ticket: Thomas C. Ramsey, Clerk to Commissioners; Wm. Gilberthorp, Director of the Poor; G. Wesley Carmer, Jury Commissioner.

A resolution was passed affirming the resolutions passed by the recent state convention. The convention was full and harmonious.

The Lackawanna Democratic-labor party on Tuesday nominated the following ticket: President judge, Hon. F. D. Collins; Sheriff, Michael Grimes; Prothonotary, A. M. Renshaw; Recorder, John Kelley; Treasurer, Philip Robinson; District Attorney, C. Smith; Clerk of Courts, T. F. Roland; Register, A. B. Dunning; Commissioners, Joseph P. Seibett and Dennis Tierney; Jury Commissioner, M. Hannick; Surveyor, A. J. Smith; Coroner, Dr. John Sullivan.

A MOLLIE'S CONFESSION.

SUNBURY, Aug. 15.—There appears to be no end to the Mollie Maguires. Two more—McManus and O'Neill—are to be executed in October, and nine fresh arrests will be made inside of another month. It was always said by the knowing ones that O'Neill would "squeel" rather than die game. He is a young man and rather stily from a wound in the head made by a piece of coal when a boy. When arrested he declared his innocence, but now it appears that he has unbosomed himself and confessed to the murder of Hesser, the night watchman at Hickory Swamp Colliery, near Shamokin. It was on the night of Dec. 19, 1874, that a band of Mollies beat the old man to death. McManus and O'Neil were tried and convicted. The latter has confessed that nine others are equally guilty with him. Two are still in the coal regions and the others are in the west. Their residences are known to the police. When Dennis F. Canning was pardoned out of Jail last week it was said that he was to be used on the witness-stand in the future. He will be one of the chief witnesses against the men who are to be arrested for Hesser's murder. McManus and O'Neill's death warrants were read to them yesterday morning. McManus smiled when he was told by the Sheriff that he was to be hanged in October. He is about fourty years of age, with hair as white as snow. He is not very communicative. When O'Neill was informed of the object of the Sheriff's visit he sniveled like a child. Suddenly he grew furious and declared that Governor Hoyt had lied, and that he promised not to sign the warrants until September.

THE Rev. Josiah Hanman, a colored preacher, of Izard county, Texas, became possessed of a strange mania some weeks ago. He fancied that because his name sounded very much like "Haman" that it was his duty to ascertain just how high Haman hung. In the pulpit the other Sunday he showed signs of insanity, and suddenly throwing up his arms said to the congregation: "Children, Haman was hung, as near as I can make a calculation, a little over 100 feet high. Now, children, I believe God wants me to give up my soul to him right away, and so take this rope and hang me 120 feet above the ground." The congregation were frightened and left the church. Hanman was closely watched by them, but he ran into the woods. On the following day search was made for him. Henry Giles came upon a litter of chips under a large tree and was examining them when he noticed a small shadow swinging to and fro in front of him. Looking up he saw Hanman suspended from the topmost branch of the hickory stone dead, higher than Haman

KEMBLE TO BE PROSECUTED.

At the Instance of the Pennsylvania Riot Bill Investigating Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., August 11.—Charles B. Salter was arrested this afternoon at the instance of the Riot Bill Investigating Committee, on a charge of corrupt solicitation of members of the Legislature in connection with the Riot Claims bill, and entered bail for his appearance in Dauphin County. Wm. H. Kemble was also formally notified to enter bail at Harrisburg on a similar charge. The investigating committee held a meeting to day at Harrisburg, when the details of the prosecution were arranged. They have engaged as attorneys for the prosecution Senator Matt Carpenter of Wisconsin, Judge Jere S. Black of Pennsylvania, and Franklin B. Gowan, President of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company. Chairman Wolfe says that the case will be vigorously pushed, and the trial is expected to come on early in September.

He wasn't a Sherman Man.

WASHINGTON, Aug., 12.—Secretary Sherman's hand is still being felt among the officeholders of the South, who are expected either to support him for the Presidency or get out of office. The last case is that of Col. John G. Brownlow, son of Parson Brownlow, who has just been removed from the office of Revenue Agent in Tennessee because he is a Grant man. Brownlow is now here and says he is for Grant all the time, but that his personal preference did not prevent him from doing his duty as a revenue officer.

THE total number of votes in the next Electoral College will be the same as in the last, namely, 369. They are distributed as follows:

Alabama	10	Arkansas	6
California	6	Colorado	3
Connecticut	6	Delaware	3
Florida	4	Georgia	11
Illinois	21	Indiana	15
Iowa	11	Kansas	5
Kentucky	12	Louisiana	8
Maine	7	Maryland	8
Massachusetts	13	Michigan	11
Minnesota	5	Mississippi	8
Missouri	15	Nebraska	3
Nevada	3	New Hamphire	5
New Jersey	9	New York	35
North Carolina	10	Ohio	22
Oregon	3	Pennsylvania	29
Rhode Island	4	South Carolina	7
Tennessee	12	Texas	8
Vermont	5	Virginia	11
West Virginia	5	Wisconsin	10

THE democrats of Washington county, Mississippi, have nominated a negro for the legislature. Now let us hear something from the stalwart organs about the Washington county plan.

NOTICE TO TRESSPASSERS.—All persons are hereby cautioned not to enter upon the premises of the subscribers for the purpose of bathing or swimming, or for other unlawful purposes. There is fully enough of this nuisance and we are determined to stop it. Offenders will be dealt with according to law.

D. A. MUSSER,
JOHN D. FOOTE.

Aug. 7th, 1879. 31-3w

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby cautioned not to enter upon the lands of the subscribers for the purpose of shooting squirrels, or for other unlawful objects, as they are determined to enforce the law against all trespassers.

EMANUEL HARTER,
ELIAS WERT,
REUBEN HARTER.

Miles township, July 24th, 1879. 29-6

TRUSTEES' SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—The undersigned, Trustees appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre County, to sell part of the real estate of Martin Stover, late of Haines township, deceased, will offer at public sale, on Saturday, August 23rd, 1879, on the premises the following described, real property, viz:

ALL THAT CERTAIN FARM,

situate in Haines township, bounded by lands of Henry Fiedler, John Orndorf, John Hubler and John Bowersox, containing 114 acres and 126 perches, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation, except four acres, which is woodland. Thereon is erected a good 2-story Dwelling House, Tenant House, Bank barn and other outbuildings.

Also

A CERTAIN TRACT OF TIMBER LAND, situate in Haines township, and bounded by lands of John Young and Daniel Warntz, containing 117 acres and 119 perches. The said tract will be sold in four or five lots, to suit purchasers.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock of said day, when terms will be made known by

MICHAEL STOVER,
NOAH STOVER,
Trustees.

A GOOD HOME FOR SALE.—The old homestead of the late Capt. Henry Smith, situate in Penns Valley, midway between Millheim and Spring Mills, half a mile north of the turn-pike road, and 2½ miles from the rail road, containing in all 180 acres, more or less, is now offered at private sale on reasonable terms. About 80 acres of timberland, on Brush mountain, easy of access, will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. The remaining 100 acres, of which 85-40 acres are cleared and under cultivation, and at least as much more can be cleared, will be sold together.

There are two dwelling houses, a good bank barn and other outbuildings on the premises. A fine, never-failing spring, is convenient to house and barn. A large variety of fruit—apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, grapes, &c., are also on the ground. Altogether it is a very desirable home, and will be sold at a bargain to parties who will apply soon. Further information can be obtained on the premises. For terms apply to

REV. S. SMITH.
Buffalo X Roads, Union county, Pa. tf

Bush House,

Bellefonte Pa.

GEORGE HOPPES,
Proprietor.

SPECIAL RATES TO FAMILIES, PERMANENT BOARDERS AND PERSONS ATTENDING COURT.

BOTH LANGUAGES SPOKEN AT OUR HOTEL.

C. W. STURGIS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

ONE DOOR EAST OF THE BANNER STORE, MARKET STREET,

LEWISBURG, PA.

First Class Goods, God, Honest Work and Moderate Prices—Is the Combation to be found at Mr. Sturgis'

Establishment. Patronage from Centre Co. respectfully solicited. None but the best workmen employed.

DR. D. H. MINGLE,

Offers his professional services to the public Answers calls at all hours.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE

ON MAIN STREET,

Millheim, Pa.

ELIAS LOSE,

CARPENTER and Builder.

Doors, Shutters, Sash, Window Frames, and Mouldings, made to order on short notice and in the best possible manner.

Yellow Pine Flooring constantly kept on hand. With thanks for past favors he solicits a continuence of the same.

MILLHEIM, PA.

C. A. STURGIS,

WATCHES,

SILVERWARE, JEWELRY,



CLOCKS

AND

Musical Instruments.

Repairing done on short notice.

Engraving a speciality,

at the Millheim Jewelry Store, one door east of Eisenhuth's Drug Store, Main Street, MILLHEIM, PENNA.

CHEAPER Than Ever!

I have received my Spring & Summer stock of

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers.

Look at some of my prices

Men's Calfskin Boots, as low as	$2.50
Men's good every day Shoes as low as	1.00
Men's Carpet Slippers, as low as	50 cts.
Ladies' Walking shoes, as low as	1.00
Ladies' Foxed Gaiters	75 cts.
" Leather Slippers	55 "
" Cloth "	30 "
" Gaiters	75 "
Children's Button Shoes	25 cts.

GO TO

KAMP'S

if you want to buy

CHEAP.

Jacob Kamp,

Lock Haven, Pa.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN SCROLL SAW

Beats the World.

J. M. BEUGLER,
Sole Proprietor,
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.
Send for Circulars.

HIGHEST HONORS

AT THE

Centennial World's Fair, 1876!

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PRONOUNCED UNANIMOUSLY AS THE

BEST INSTRUMENTS.

Their comparative excellence is recognized by the Judges in their Report, from which the following is an extract:

"The B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.'S exhibit as the best Instruments at a price rendering them possible to a large class of purchasers, having a combination of Reeds and Bells, producing novel and pleasing effects, and other valuable improvements, not to get out of order, all the boards being made three-ply, put together so it is impossible for them to either shrink, swell or split." THE ONLY ORGANS AWARDED THIS RANK.

This Medal and Award was granted after the most severe competition of the best makers, before one of the most competent juries ever assembled.

New Styles and prices just issued, which are in accordance with our rule, the BEST ORGAN for the least money.

We are prepared to appoint a few new Agents.

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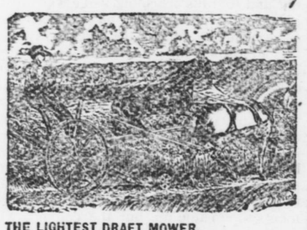
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NEW HAVEN, CONN.

WILBER'S DIRECT DRAFT

EUREKA MOWER,



THE LIGHTEST DRAFT MOWER.
THE CHEAPEST MOWER.
THE LARGEST MOWER.

THE BEST MOWER IN THE WORLD.

TESTIMONIALS.

The Eureka is superior to any side-cut machine I ever used or ever saw in use. HARRIS LEWIS,
President of New York Dairymen's Asso.

The curing of the grass cut with the Eureka Mower is more even and rapid than after the side-cut machines. GEORGE W. HOFFMAN,
President Farmers' Club, Elmira, N. Y.

The Eureka Mower is the very best we ever saw, and there is no side-cut mower that can compare with it in any respect. V. E. PIOLLET,
State Grange Lecturer, Wysox, P.

The manner in which it leaves the cut grass, loose and open to the sun and wind ready for drying, puts the Eureka far ahead of any machine I ever used. E. LAPORTE, Asylum, Pa.

Manufactured by EUREKA MOWER CO. Towanda, Bradford County, Pa. Correspondence solicited. Circulars mailed on application.

DAVID I. BROWN,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

TIN-WARE, STOVEPIPE AND TRIMMINGS, SPOUTING & FRUIT CANS.

Would respectfully inform the public that he keeps on hand or makes to order all kinds of TINWARE, STOVE-FIXTURES, FRUIT CANS, etc.

SPOUTING A SPECIALITY.

Fruit cans always on hand. Repairing done at short notice. Having some ten years experience in the business he flatters himself that his work is fully equal to any in this section of the country. A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. Shop, next door to Journal Book Store, Millheim, Pa.

W. J. STRAYER,

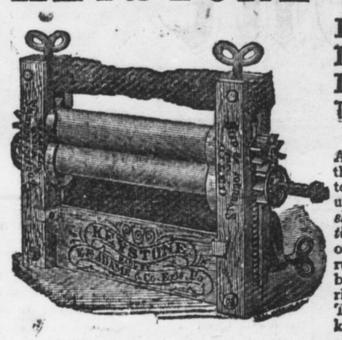
Fashionable Barber,

Opposite Stem's Store,

MILLHEIM, PA.

The patronage of the public respectfully solicited.

KEYSTONE WRINGER.



Has Greater Capacity, Is More Durable, and Is better finished

Than any other wringer now made.

THE ROLLS

Are made of White Rubber clear to the shaft. No twine or wire or fibrous material, or anything else but rubber being used. The rubber is *vulcanized upon the shaft and cannot be taken off except by cutting it off.* They are more elastic than other rolls because there is nothing but rubber on the shaft, and more durable because there is no twine or fibrous material to rot out or wire to cut the rubber. They are greatly superior to any other kind of roll now known.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE KEYSTONE WRINGER.



Be sure and send for Catalogue and inquire for the

Taylor & Farley ORGAN,

BEFORE PURCHASING ANY ORGAN.

NONE SUPERIOR AND BUT FEW EQUAL.

NOTHING SHODDY, AND PRICES LOW.

MANUFACTORY AT WORCESTER, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

JOHN B. LINN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bellefonte, Pa.

OFFICE ON ALLEGHANY STREET.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Bellefonte, Pa.

OFFICE IN GARMAN'S NEW BUILDING.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,

Battle Creek, Mich.

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE

"VIBRATOR" THRESHING MACHINERY.

THE Matchless Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, and Money-Saving Threshers of this day and generation. Beyond all rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain from Wastage.



STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty. Special sizes of Separators made expressly for Steam Power.

OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Engines, both Portable and Traction, with Valuable Improvements, far beyond any other make or kind.

THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses (and often three to five times that amount) can be made by the Extra Grain SAVED by these Improved Machines.

GRAIN Raisers will not submit to the enormous wastage of Grain and the inferior work done by all other machines, when once posted on the difference.

NOT Only Vastly Superior for Wheat, Oats; Barley, Rye, and like Grains, but the ONLY Successful Thresher in Flax, Timothy, Millet, Clover, and like Seeds. Requires no "attachments" or "rebuilding" to change from Grain to Seeds.

IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, Perfection of Parts, Completeness of Equipment, etc., our "VIBRATOR" Thresher Outfits are Incomparable.



MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts, using less than one-half the usual Belts and Gears. Makes Clean Work, with no Litterings or Scatterings.

FOUR Sizes of Separators Made, Ranging from Six to Twelve-Horse size, and two styles of Mounted Horse Powers to match.

FOR Particulars, Call on our Dealers or write to us for Illustrated Circular, which we mail free.

FOX'S PATENT

Breech-Loading Shot Gun



Barrels slide one side. No hinge to get loose.

A Gun to stand the wear and tear, and not get shaky or out of order. Prices, from $50.00 upwards. Send stamp for Circular to

AMERICAN ARMS CO.

109 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

VICTORIOUS!

HIGHEST & BEST AWARD

And Grand Medal of Honor.

Economy, Durability and Rapidity combined with perfect work,

Are Distinguishing Features of the celebrated

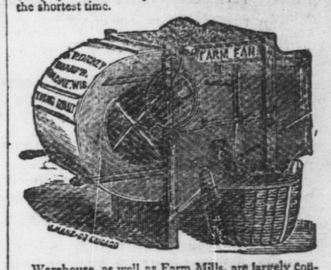
Giant Farm and Warehouse Fans,

MADE BY

A. P. DICKEY,

Racine, Wis.

Now having many late improvements, they are fully equal to every demand; cleaning all kinds of Grain, Peas, Beans, Castor Beans, Corn and Small Seed. They grade Wheat perfectly by once handling. Separate Oats from Wheat, Barley and Rye. They have very perfect arrangements for cleaning Timothy, Clover, Flax Seed, Orchard Grass, and all other Small Seeds. They Cheff perfectly, and combine every qualification required to do the best work in the shortest time.



Warehouse, as well as Farm Mills, are largely constructed, both kinds requiring nine sizes to accommodate the demand, and giving a capacity of from 50 to 500 bushels per hour, according to size of mill.

They are shipped, boxed for ocean transportation, and "set up" or "knocked down" for forwarding inland, as requested; and in all cases put free on board Cars or Steamer. Orders filled same day as received.

Mills shipped "knocked down" go for half the freight charged as when forwarded "set up." Oleographs and Circulars supplied on application. Prices will be quoted *low* and on liberal terms. Correspondence solicited.

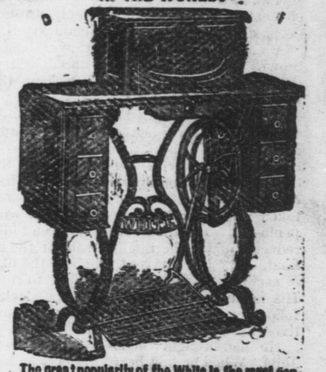
THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE

THE BEST OF ALL.

Unrivaled in Appearance,
Unparalleled in Simplicity,
Unsurpassed in Construction,
Unprecedented in Popularity,
And Undisputed in the Broad Claim

OF BEING THE

VERY BEST OPERATING
QUICKEST SELLING,
HANDSOMEST, AND
Most Perfect Sewing Machine
IN THE WORLD.



The great popularity of the White is the most convincing tribute to its excellence and superiority over other machines, and in submitting it to the trade we put it upon its merits, and in no instance has it ever yet failed to satisfy any recommendation in its favor.

The demand for the White has increased to such an extent that we are now compelled to turn out

A Complete Sewing Machine every three minutes in the day to supply the demand.

Every machine is warranted for 3 years, and sold for cash at liberal discounts, or upon easy payments, to suit the convenience of customers.

AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,

No 358 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

THE AVERY BEATS THE WORLD



AVOIDING GEARS, COGS, CAMS AND LEVERS, AND SUBSTITUTING THEREFORE AN ENTIRELY NEW MECHANICAL PRINCIPAL & MOVEMENT, A RADICAL IMPROVEMENT, SEEN AT A GLANCE, GREATLY DESIRED BY ALL AUTOMATIC, DIRECT & PERFECT ACTION IN EVERY PART NO FRICTION, NO NOISE, NO WEAR, NO TANTRUMS NOR GETTING OUT OF ORDER, ALWAYS READY TO SEW THE FINEST OR HEAVIEST GOODS, GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION, NO LONG TALK OR ARGUMENT REQUIRED EVERY MACHINE TELLING ITS OWN STORY, SECURES IMMEDIATE SALES, HENCE THE BEST MACHINE FOR AGENTS TO SELL. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR

AGENTS WANTED. AVERY MFG CO. 812 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1879.

B. O. DEININGER, - - - EDITOR.

R. A. BUMILLER, - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Local Department.

—Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. 47-1y

—The Turnpike company built a new bridge at Woodward, and a good one they say. Willis Musser calls it a "*stevin bridge.*"

—Sugar Valley campmeeting was well attended on Sunday and good order prevailed. We are happy to note the fact.

—The S. S. picnic that was to come off in Evert's woods last Saturday was postponed on account of the weather. Saturday was a very bad day for picnics.

—Mr. J. R. Brungart has purchased the entire stock and good will of Spigelmyer's store in Rebersburg, will go into the mercantile business at once. We wish Jasper much success.

—A. C. Musser has been appointed tax collector for Millheim, C. Alexander for Penn township and Jacob Bower, Jr., for Haines. Other appointments we have not learned.

—You can now pay your school tax at any time, if you wish, but you need not pay just yet, if it don't suit you. Treasurer Moyer has his posters up and tells you exactly what he expects you to do about it.

—Michael Lamy, Jonathan Kreamer and Noah Stover purchased Stover's distillery with all the apparatus. They take possession on the 1st of September and expect to manufacture whiskey more largely, we are informed.

—The *Democrat* and *Republican* are in error when they say that we presented the Pomona Grange of Centre county, with an engraving of the Lord's prayer. It was the other fellow who writes his name A. O. Deininger, that did it.

—The largest S. S. picnic ever heard of is to take place at Hannah Furnace, in Bald Eagle Valley. Twenty three sunday schools have promised to attend. The Sheridan band of Tyrone, and a number of drum corps will furnish the music.

—Personal.—Hon. W. C. Duncan, of Lewisburg, very unexpectedly dropped in to see us last week. He was here to look up the Harvest Home and Excursion matters, and took in Aaronsburg, Rebersburg and Spring Mills in his trip. Of all the men that ever resided here, there is no one that has more personal friends than Cook. Candid fact.

Mr. James N. VanOrmer, of Wolfe's store called in last week. James don't come so very often anymore. Says he is busy and that times are improving over there. Wish him success.

George W. Foote, Esq., of Mifflinburg, paid us a little bit of a visit last week. We wanted him to stay longer and have a good long talk with him, but he couldn't. George never looked better.

Henry Beck, Esq., the gentlemanly and efficient clerk to the Co. Commissioners, was around this week in this part of the county delivering tax duplicates. Get your scrip ready.

Mr. Thomas Forster, salesman for the popular tobacco house of Frishmuth & Bro., was in town the other day. Mr. F. is a son of Capt. R. M. Forster, who fell at the battle of Gettysburg, and a gentleman, as was his patriotic father, in the fullest sence of the word.

Rev. F. Aurand, of Rebersburg, is at Middleburg, Snyder county, visiting his aged and sick father.

OUR CEMETERY.

The neglected condition of our cemetery is a matter of general remark as well as reproach, and our citizens should do something in this matter without delay. Last week there was a burial on the grave yard, as well as the week before, at each of which there were a large number of people present some of whom were strangers, and we know of at least *one* person who was mortified at the thought that Millheim shows so little respect for her "city of the dead" as to leave everything go into dilapidation and decay. A grave yard should be kept in the best kind of trim. It is a sacred spot—or ought to be—to those who have friends there, sleeping their last sleep. There ought to be a general cleaning and trimming up at least once a year, say in spring. The labor and expense would be trifling compared to the satisfaction it would afford to have our cemetery in a fit condition to be visited, without having the feelings grated by unsightly piles of stone brush, weeds and grass, that have grown up decayed, over and over again for years.

There are many things in which we as a community ought to do better, and this is one that calls loudly for reform. We have periodically called attention to this matter, but thus far without any good results. There has not been enough interest manitested in our cemetery for at least two years to have the annual meetings and election provided for by the constitution; and we doubt whether the Cemetery Association has a single officer to-day. The terms of former officers have all expired and we have not shown enough interest for our dead and their last resting place, to elect others.

And how long shall such a discreditable state of things be suffered to continue?

—The Methodist congregation of Lewisburg will conduct the boarding house of the Union County Fair, this fall.

A Card.—The surviving family of the late Mrs. Hannah would respectfully return their warmest thanks to their friends and neighbors for their kind assistance during the last illness and funeral of the decedent.

The Family.

—Lost.—The undersigned lost a good Rubber-overcoat between Rebersburg and Millheim on the 8th inst. The finder will please to leave the same at this office or with the looser, where he will be suitably rewarded.

C. C. Zeigler.

—Mr. A. Lukenbach has started a singing school which meets in the basement of the M. E. Church every Wednesday evening. We hope our citizens may encourage it liberally. Our young folks can not spend an evening more profitably than in learning and practicing vocal music.

CENTRE HALL NEWS.

Our Band went to Bellefonte last Friday evening to serenade Sheriff Spangler. The boys had a fine time even if it did rain.

H. E. Zerby intends to burn another kiln of brick this fall. Centre Hall brick seem to be in demand.

A rumor prevails here that the Pa. R. R. Co. have bought and taken possession of the B. & S. S. R. R. If true I suppose our road would be extended.

We expect to have an unusual good time at the Harvest Home picnic. A very large crowd would have gone from here if the fare had been reduced to 50 or 75 cents. C.

[It might as well be understood once for all that there will be no more 50 cent excursions on the L. C. & S. C. R. R. A dollar is considerably less than regular excursion rates, so that there is no reason to complain that the fare is too high. The fifty cent excursion two years ago was an exception to all rule and will not be repeated. We have no interest in the matter whatever but only give the facts.—Ed.]

REBERSBURG FRAGMENTS.

Mr. Isaac Kinney sold his property, furniture and all to Thos. R. Zeigler, for $837. Mr. K. thinks of seeking a home in Kansas.

Mr. J. Spigelmyer sold his store to Mr. J. R. Brungard, who took immediate possession. $2800 is the amount paid for the stock. The new firm has a *clerker inctum*. Success.

Mrs. Rachael Young's property is also advertised to be sold on Saturday next. This is a very desirable property.

Had the fare to the Harvest Home been less the delegation from Brush would have been trebled.

Messrs. Stover & Mallory are perambulating the country selling a very good article in the shape of a gate latch. Success boys.

Several sales of first class farms will come off soon, and our jolly auctioneer, Abs. Harter, feels happy already.

Anon.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

Mr. H. A. Krumrine has gone west. Success to you Henry.

Jacob Frederick will soon have his new house completed.

Clover seed will be a very short crop this year.

The school directors have appointed teachers for the several schools in the township. Will send their names shortly.

Mrs. Helen Hannah was buried on Sunday. Her funeral was very largely attended. The M. E. Church could not contain all the people.

A party from Nittany Valley, visited Penn Cave, at the head of Penn's Creek lately. They were highly pleased with this wonderful work of nature. The party consisted of six couples, Mr. Robert Furst and Mr. Hugh Brown, appearing to be the bosses.

Yoney.

AARONSBURG CRUMBS.

Mr. Editor.—It seems to us Aaronsburg people that we should be able to tell you something new every week, though we are not living very fast or undergoing many changes. We are almost sure of *some* friends outside our quiet little village, who are interested in our welfare, so I venture a few "Crumbs".

Col. J. P. Coburn is beautifying his home—enlarging and repairing. Has lifted his pavement and laid it outside the trees, which were formerly next the street. This gives him a fine yard and takes off the street a little, which can well be spared. Others living near propose to do the same and we hope they will not postpone the matter. It will be a much needed improvement.

Rev. J. Tomlinson spent the Sabbath at Laurelton, where he went for the purpose of installing Rev. C. Schnure, pastor of the Lutheran church. This church here was closed all day.

Mrs. Ad. Shoemaker, of St. Petersburgh, Pa., is visiting at the home of her father-in-law—Rev. J. G. Shoemaker.

Mr. A. J. Irey, of Lewisburg, and Mr. W. T. Meyer, of St. Petersburgh, have again gone to their homes. We know of two lonely young ladies, and they—the gentlemen—think the sun shines more brightly at Aaronsburg than any where else. Well gentlemen "there's a good time coming; wait a little longer."

We are all glad for the recent fall of the mercury. The heat had become almost unendurable to those who had more to do than to keep cool.

X. Y.

News Miscellaney.

A New Fatal Disease.—A very deadly disease, a species of typhoid fever, is prevailing in portions of Lancaster county, lying along the banks of Middle creek. It usually attacks all members of the family, and few comparatively recover their health after the attack. No particular cause has yet been discovered for the prevalence of the dreaded disease.

The Great Drawback to Matrimony.—The trouble with too many young folks who think about marrying is that they want to commence housekeeping with embroidered satin napkins instead of the old towel behind the kitchen door.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A Giant Tree.—At 652 Broadway, New York, is a gigantic specimen of a California tree, twenty-five feet in diameter. The tree was discovered in 1874, and is believed to be between four and five thousand years old. The inside is capable of holding, we are told, one hundred and fifty people. The price of admission is only fifteen cents, and the monster is well worth a visit.

A Young Post-mistress.—Among the passengers from Sitka, Alaska, in the steamer "California", on her last trip to Portland, Oregon, was Miss Sallie Ball, who is probably the youngest Government officer in the United States. Although but twelve years of age, she is the mistress of Sitka.

The Harrisburg *Telegraph* of last evening says it is reported by people who reside near Newport, Perry county, that nobody in that vicinty will assist in the capture of Sam. Albright the murderer of William K. Miller, the Harrisburg fireman. Albright is said to be upheld in his murderous course by residents of the region of Montgomery's Ferry, and there are few who would betray him and many who will assist him. Our informant states that in a section covering twenty-five square miles, Albright can travel from place to place and find food and lodging for a month and never stop at the same place two days in succession. People have been heard to say that they would give him a meal, among them a Perry county Justice of the Peace.

A Tramp's Brutal Assault.—A girl named Zearfoss, aged about eleven years, while engaged in a tobacco patch near town, last week, was set upon and brutally outraged by a tramp. Before the child, who is very seriously and probably fatally injured, recovered, the fellow made good his escape. The assailant is twenty-one years of age, but little over five feet high and bowlegged. —*Phila. Times.*

The Negroes a Stumbling-Block.—Fall River, Mass., August 12. —About four hundred operatives assembled to-night to hear the report of Michael Connelly, recently sent to inspect lands of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R., with a view of forming an emigrant colony from this city. He gave a glowing account of the fertility of the land, but said he could not advise any one to go there who did not have from $300 to $500, as the country was overrun with negro refugees, who were doing all kinds of work which they could find, and it would make hard competition for any one going there without some money.

Georgia has recently enacted a law for the speedy trial of murderers. The law compels courts to suspend all other business to give a quick hearing to murder cases. When a murderer is caught when court is not in session it is called together at once for the trial of the accused.

EXAMINATIONS OF TEACHERS FOR 1879.

The examinations of teachers for the schools of Centre county will be held as specified in this announcement:

Bellefonte, Tuesday, August 26.
Philipsburg and Rush, Philipsburg, Wednesday, August 27.
Taylor and Worth, Port Matilda, Thursday, August 28,
Huston, Julian, Friday, August 29.
Snow Shoe and Burnside, Snow Shoe, Tuesday, September 2.
Unionville and Union, Unionville, Thursday, September 4,
Milesburg and Boggs, Milesburg, Friday, September 5.
Patton, Waddle's School House, Tuesday, September 9.
Halfmoon, Stormstown, Wednesday, September, 10.
Ferguson, Pine Grove, Thursday, September 11.
Harris, Boalsburg, Friday, September 12.
Spring, Valentine's School House, Tuesday, September 16.
Benner, Knox's School House, Wednesday, September 17.
College, Lemont, Thursday, Sept. 18.
Potter, Centre Hall, Friday, Sept. 19.
Gregg, Penn Hall, Saturday, Sept. 20.
Walker, Hublersburg, Monday, September 22.
Marion, Jacksonville. Tuesday, September 23.
Liberty, Eagleville, Wednesday, September 24.
Howard and Curtin, Howard, Thursday, September 25.
Penn and Millheim, Millheim, Saturday, September 27.
Haines, Aaronsburg, Monday, September 29.
Miles, Rebersburg, Tuesday, Sept. 30.

A special examination to fill vacancies will be held at the Superintendent's office, Bellefonte, Thursday, October 2nd; but applicants must come recommended by at least four directors of the district in which they intend to teach, and give a reason for not having attended the district examinations.

Applicants must be examined in the districts in which they expect to teach.

Examinations, each day, will begin at 9 A. M.; some of the directors should be present in time to make out a list of applicants to be examined.

In compliance with instructions from the school department the standard will be raised, certificates falling below an average of 2.5 will not be issued.

H. Meyer,
Co. Supt.

—R. B. Hartman has erected a very neat and substantial cast iron fence along the front of his dwelling. It was all made at his foundry where others like it can be made on short notice to order. Persons wishing to enclose cemetery lots or yards would do well to call and examine this fence before buying elsewhere away from home.

—The rumor that the Pennsylvania R. R. Company had purchased the Bellefonte & Snow Shoe road, seems to have been premature, although for some time past negotiations have been pending, looking in that direction. To us such a transfer would mean the completion of our road to Bellefonte, consequently the valleys have but one wish in the matter and that is affirmative.

Jury List.—The following is a complete list of the Grand and Traverse Jurors for August Court, commencing Monday, August 25, 1879:

GRAND JURORS.

W. W. Leech, Harris.	J H Rhone, Bellefonte
Christ. Bitner, Potter.	Samuel Pletcher, Boggs
J A Hunter, Half Moon.	Wm. Dawson, Spring
William Marks, Boggs.	Benj. Rusé, Marion
Robert Holmes, Walker	Ellis Lytle, Half Moon
John Jackson, Patton	Wm. Mills, Bellefonte
Adam Swartz, Walker	Wm. Blake, Philipsburg
Joseph Gilliland, Potter	Geo. B. Simler, Rush
John Boozer, Potter	G Cronemiller, College
Steele Heverly, Spring	J S Gray, Philipsburg
Lewis Hess, Philipsburg	J I Condo, Gregg
William Tate, Benner	S A Marshall, Benner

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

J W Swartz, Huston	T. Green, Snow Shoe
D Rhodes, Bellefonte	Mich. Condo, Potter
Emi. Musser, College	Samuel Stephen, Worth
A J Kreamer, Harris	David Harter, Marion
J Deihl, Howard Boro.	Israel Conier, Penn
J P Heckman, Gregg	John Funk, Philipsburg
D K Tate, Bellefonte	W Cadwalader, Unionville
Adam Stover, Harris	Sam Emerick, Potter
P W Burket, Half Moon	William Resides, Union
Wm. Bowes, Burnside	Geo T Brew, Bellefonte
John Shiffer, Ferguson	K Zimmerman, Walker
Jac. Shrom, Bellefonte	Ed Kline, Potter
H T Ryman, Milesburg	W Crissman, Snow Shoe
A McMullen, Walker	Bob Manly, Philipsburg
S Haupt, Bellefonte	Joon T Ross, Harris
Wm Merryman, Taylor	John Long, Rush
Day Henderson, Taylor	Henry Musser, Boggs
Daniel Corman, Spring	Harry R Curtin, Boggs
John Gates, Ferguson	S K Faust, Miles
Cyrus Brungard, Miles	Harry Stewart, Harris
J C Dunkle, Philipsburg	Jas Dumbleton, Rush
M F Riddle, Spring	R S McCalmont, Marion
J V Gray, Worth	Jae Bower Jr, Haines
J W Furey, Bellefonte	John Goodhart, Gregg

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Richard Neman, Taylor	Wm McEwen, Union
W W McKinney, Worth	Wm Korman, Gregg
L A Straub, Bellefonte	S Spigelmyer, Haines
James Iddings, Boggs	J A Henderson, Benner
C Strickland, Bellefonte	D B Fletcher, Howard
R L Shirk, Milesburg	Mich Knoftsker, Gregg
H H Hewitt, Philipsburg	M Reiner, Benner
Simon Hazel, Miles	John C Stover, Haines
D Mcginley, Bellefonte	K Zimmerman, Walker
Philip Walters, Walker	J Shadman, Ferguson
Jacob Krider, Boggs.	J Weaver, Ferguson
B Graham, Bellefonte	Thom Miles, Milesburg
Wm Searson, Benner	John Reamy, Spring
J Mattley, Philipsburg	Robert Condo, Harris
N H Yearick, Marion	John Bair, Penn.
A W Gardner, Howard	Wm Peiler, Gregg
Jerome Confer, Boggs	Jesse Swartz, Walker
F P Musser, Penn	Dav Rhule, Snow Shoe

DIED.

On the 11th inst., in New Berlin, Edward Wilson, in the 62nd year of his age.

On the 14th inst., at Centre Hall, Mr. Joseph Bitner, aged 67 years.

On the inst., at Spring Mills, Mrs. Helen Hannah, aged 60 years, 6 months and 12 days.

On the 19th inst., in Lock Haven, John Ruhl, aged 74 years.

Millheim Market.

Wheat No. 1	1.00
Wheat No. 2	95
Corn	40
Rye	45
Oats White	25
Oats, Black	23
Buckwheat	50
Flour	5.00
Bran & Shorts, per ton	15.00
Salt, per Brl	1.75
Plaster, ground	10.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 70
Barley	50
Timothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	4.00
Butter	11
Hams	12
Sides	6
Veal	5
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	10
Potatoes	
Lard	5
Tallow	6
Soap	5
Dried Apples	
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	4
COAL MARKET.	
Egg Coal	$5.25
Stove "	5.50
Chestnut "	5.00
Pea "	3.50

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AGENTS WANTED For the *Best* and *Fastest Selling* Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., Philada. Pa. 30-4w

PIANOS and ORGANS. $1,100 Pianos only $222,50; $370 Organs only $85.25; $125 Organs only $75.75. Tremendous Reduction during the Midsummer months. Having been ELECTED MAYOR of my city and entrusted with its bonds should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. Latest circulars and Illustrated Newspaper *free*. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J. 30-4t

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
For Internal and External use.
CURES—Neuralgia, Diptheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Ceronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhoea, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.
Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessor, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use
WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS.
The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomache, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Billious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your Druggist will not supply send 25 cents for one box to Barrick, Keller & Co., 70 N. 4th St. Phila. 39-1y

WANTED!
We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county, to get up Clubs among families, hotels, factories, &c., for the sale of our Teas, and will offer very liberal commissions to such. We have been importers of Teas for over 20 years, and can afford to send, and we will send a better article for the money than any other house in New York. Our Teas are put up in one pound packages, with the name and price printed upon each.
Address, for terms and blank form for Clubs, LONDON & NEW YORK CHINA TEA CO., P. O. Box 374. No. 29 Church St. N. Y. 39-1y

BOOTS & SHOES.
B. FRANK. KISTER,
has just opened a Boot & Shoe Shop,
MAIN STREET,
near Foote's Store,
where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, from men's coarse boots up to ladies cloth top button gaiters, at prices to suit the times. Repairing promptly attended to. A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 30-3m

NESBIT BROS.,
Successors to the "East Lewisburg Lumber & Manufacturing Company,"
Manufacturers of
Flooring, Siding, Moulding, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Verandas and all other kinds of Building Materials.
Being provided with ample facilities, the latest and most improved machinery, and the best mechanical skill, we are prepared to execute all orders promptly, and in the very best manner.
We give special attention to the furnishing of Material for the better grades of
HOUSE BUILDING.
Also, to the manufacture of School, Office and Church Furniture, Sunday School, and Private Book Cases.
FACTORY—EAST LEWISBURG. NESBIT BROS.
N. B.—We can send Materials to Coburn or Spring Mills at cheap freights. 25-1y

THE BEST IN THE WORLD SOLD BY ALL DEALERS
WHITE SEWING MACHINE
$1500.00 CASH TO AGENTS
SO SIMPLE A CHILD CAN USE IT. WARRANTED FOR 3 YEARS
BEWARE OF BOGUS DEALERS AND DEFACED NUMBERS
NOTICE OUR GENUINE NUMBER ON SHUTTLE RACE-PLATE.
FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS:
WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

P. GEPHART P. A. MUSSER
GEPHART & MUSSER
DEALERS IN
Grain, Cloverseed, Flour & Feed, Coal, Plaster & Salt.
MILLHEIM, PA.
Highest market price paid for all kinds of
GRAIN,
Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.
COAL, PLASTER & SALT
Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.
A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 39-1y

Pennsylvania College,
GETTYSBURG, PA.
The first Term of the next Collegiate year will begin
SEPTEMBER 4th, 1879.
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PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.
Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.
SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, June 29th, 1879, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves Philadelphia	11 55	p. m.
"	" Harrisburg	4 25	a. m.
"	" Williamsport	8 35	a. m.
"	" Jersey Shore	9 07	a. m.
"	" Lock Haven	9 40	a. m.
"	" Renovo	11 00	a. m.
"	arr. at Erie	7 35	p. m.
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves Philadelphia	8 30	a. m.
"	" Harrisburg	11 45	a. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	2 35	p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	3 55	p. m.
"	" Renovo	5 25	p. m.
FAST LINE	leaves Philadelphia	11 45	a. m.
"	" Harrisburg	5 35	p. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	7 25	p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	8 10	p. m.
DAY EXPRESS	leaves Renovo	10 05	a. m.
"	" Lock Haven	11 20	a. m.
"	" Williamsport	12 10	p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	4 10	p. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 20	p. m.
ERIE MAIL	leaves Renovo	8 50	p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	10 00	p. m.
"	" Williamsport	11 20	p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 00	a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 40	a. m.
FAST LINE	leaves Williamsport	12 35	a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 55	a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 40	a. m.

Erie Mail West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains from Wilkesbarre and Scranton.
Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.
Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.
Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.
Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.
WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.

WESTWARD.

LEAVE	1. A. M.	3. P. M.	5. P. M.
Montandon	7 00	2 00	6 20
Lewisburg Arrive	7 15	2 10	6 35
Lewisburg Leave	7 15	2 20	
Fair Ground	7 20	2 30	
Biehl	7 30	2 40	
Vicksburg	7 35	2 48	
Mifflinburg Arrive	7 50	3 05	
Mifflinburg Leave	7 50	3 15	
Millmont	8 10	3 35	
Laurelton	8 20	3 50	
Coburn	9 30		
Arrive at Spring Mills	10 00		

EASTWARD.

LEAVE	2. A. M.	4. A. M.	6. P. M.
Spring Mills		10 20	
Coburn		10 45	
Laurelton		11 55	4 05
Millmont		12 05	4 20
Mifflinburg Arrive		12 30	4 40
Mifflinburg Leave		12 30	4 50
Vicksburg		12 45	5 05
Biehl		12 52	5 13
Fair Ground		1 02	5 23
Lewisburg Arrive		1 10	5 30
Lewisburg Leave	6 33	1 20	5 45
Arr. at Montandon	6 50	1 30	6 00

Nos. 1 & 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road.
Nos. 3 & 4 with Day Express east and Niagara Express west.
Nos. 5 & 6 with East Line west.
An Omnibus will run between Lewisburg and Montandon, to convey passengers to and from Pacific Express east on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.
The regular Railroad Tickets will be honored between these two points.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S
COMPOUND
Fluid Extract
BUCHU.
PHARMACEUTICAL.
A
SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL
DISEASES
of the
Bladder & Kidneys.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, In disposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance and Dry Skin.
If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which
"Helmbold's Buchu"
DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
IS UNEQUALLED
By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in
Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Disease,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Compl'ts,
Female Complaints.
Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S
BUCHU
Invigorates the Stomach,
and stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.
A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 per Bottle,
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Delivered to any address free from observation.
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See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Duel With a Shark.

It seems that a ship named the "Southern Trader," from Livepool, with a cargo of coal, had just discharged her freight at a port of the Barbadoes, when the crew who had been engaged in the dirty work, resolved upon a bath, and accordingly ventured into the sea.

The coral shores of Barbadoes abound in sharks, and the first mate of the ship who remained on board, espied one of these monsters making toward the men before they had been ten minutes in the water, and instantly gave the alarm. The sailors hastened toward the boat which the mate had sent to them, and all succeeded in getting safely on board excepting one foremost hand—he was the last of his companions to reach the boat. Just as he was about to lay his hands upon the gunwales the shark seized him in his capacious jaws and litterally bit him in two, instantly swallowing a portion of the body and the lower limbs.

The upper part of the body was taken on board, but of course life became extinct immediately.

The crew in the boat were almost crazy with excitement and horror. There was one among them, however, who said nothing, but gazed first at the remembered body and then at the spot where the shark's black dorsal fin showed above the surface of the water. It was the chum of the poor victim, they had been constant friends for many years, and the bitterness of his feeling made him for the moment quite dumb.

In the meantime the insatiable shark was swimming hither and thither through the blood-stained water in search of the remainder of his prey. The rest of the crew were only too thankful to be safe in the boat, but not so with John Hodge, the dead man's chum, who was seen to hasten on board the ship, where he entered the cook's gallery and having secured a long sharp butcher's knife, made his way back to the boat now along side.

"Look ye, messmates," said he coolly. "I'll kill that devil, or he shall eat me, too!"

Saying which he took the large knife between his teeth and leaped fearlessly into the sea. It was all done so quickly that no one could have interfered had they been so disposed, but all looked at each other in silent amazement at such temerity.

The moment that the intrepid seaman struck the water, the shark saw him and made for the spot. Both were equally eager, the one for his prey, the other for vengeance. The monster was soon beside his enemy and quickly turned half upon his back, after the manner of his tribe, to seize him in his terrible jaws. But John Hodge was self-possessed, and at that instant dove beneath the shark, at the same time thrusting his long knife deep into his belly causing the water to be dyed all about them with his blood. He managed to give the monster two telling wounds before he again came to the surface. The enraged fish became confused, and his adversary avoiding his head, gave him repeated stabs with the butcher knife. The shark retired for a moment out of the bloody circle that now surrounded them, followed in gallant style by the sailor.

Soon the fish turned and came at him again. The men in the boat and on the ship held their very breaths in the intensity of their excitement at the strange duel between man and fish. The whole scene thus far had scarcely occupied three minutes of time, and the men were too much confused to attempt to assist their daring comrade.

As we have said, the sea-monster had turned, and was again making toward the sailor, but the latter so far from realizing any fear, seemed to have gained confidence during the brief encounter, and as the shark approached him once more he dove beneath him, and inflicted two vital stabs in the bowels. The water became red with blood in all directions, and those in the boat began to think that their comrade had been wounded. They got out oars, and were now pulling towards him.

As they approached they saw that the fight was over, and the shark was turning upon its back, and lashing the water slowly with its tail. It was the death throe! John Hodge was taken on board, excited, and much fatigued, but uninjured. A boathook was attached to the shark, and he was towed to the beach, where he was drawn up upon the sand. He was opened, and the lower portion of the dead man's body was taken out and being placed with the rest of the corpse it was decently buried. Neither John Hodge, nor the crew of the "Southern Trader" will ever forget this duel with a shark at Barbadoes.

Suspended Animation.

The nitrate of amyl being a powerful agent in quickening the heart-beat, a few drops of this drug have a powerful influence in restoring the functions of the heart in cases of drowning, hanging or fainting. It is suggested, therefore, that it should always be used whenever attempts are being made to restore to life an individual apparently dead, or when it is desirable to settle the question as to whether a person is really dead or not. The dreadful thought of being buried alive has haunted the human race since its earliest days, and the discovery of some means by which the risk could be, if not evaded, at least greatly diminished, would prove an ineffable boon to mankind. Dr. T. Lauder Brunton, to whom we have referred this suggestion, considers it to be a good one. He adds that in ascertaining death the nitrite of amyl might be used along with the cord test of tying around the finger. If the circulation has entirely stopped, the ligature never becomes any thicker; but if the circulation continue, however slowly, the finger tip beyond the ligature will sooner or later begin to swell.

—The State University at Oxford, Miss., had 319 students last session.

Catching Moss Bunkers.

This fish, although poor eating, on account of its many bones, is of great economic value, because of its use as a fertilizer for the fields, and also for the quantity of oil extracted from it. It is found in immense quantities from the Carolinas to Maine, and receives a different name in almost each State. It varies in length from eight to fourteen inches, and in weight from ten to twenty ounces. Striking the Southern coast in April, it reaches Montauk in the beginning of May, and spawns soon after coming in shore, in this respect closely resembling its cousin, the herring. These fish swarm in countless shoals everywhere on our Atlantic coast, and fishermen have testified to having sailed for forty miles in sight of one vast body of menhaden. Every bay and river mouth is filled with them each summer, and they are captured with the greatest ease. Swimming at the surface and exposing above water the dorsal fin, as does the shark, the schools are discernible at a great distance. They are the prey of blue fish, sharks and other voracious fish, as well as sea fowl. Many men and vessels are engaged in the menhaden fishery, and, in addition to sailing crafts several steamers are now following this trade. The fish are dipped out of sea, several barrelsfull at a time, by a peculiarly constructed net, and when landed, are boiled in large pots, the oil being extracted and the residue used as manure. The oil is largely used by tanners, as it fills the pores of leather, neutralizing the excess of alkali, and leaving the skin pliable and soft. It is also largely used in the manufacture of soap, and forms a cheap and excellent substitute for linseed oil in painting where coarse work is wanted. It is used also, we regret to say, in adulterating more costly oils. In addition to its various trade values the menhaden is used largely as bait, especially for eel-pots and blue fish. It is remarkable how the seas are stored with food for man's use, and how constant and regular the supply is, but there is a possibility of overdoing the catch, or of driving away by careless and filthy habits the supplies which nature has furnished us. The veteran fisherman Seth Green, recommends highly the promised enforcement by the Canadian Government, within the three-mile limit, of a penalty against throwing fish garbage overboard. Fish are particular. A small portion of decomposing matter dropped into an aquarium will cause them to remove as far as possible from the source of annoyance. The loss of our in-shore fisheries on the New England coast may, perhaps, be ascribed to over-fishing and throwing offensive matter into the sea.

Denver's Fifty-niner.

The man who staked out Denver is the most numerous person in Colorado Coming out on the Kansas Pacific, I met him for the first time on the train.

"I went to Denver in 1859," he said, sitting down in a seat beside me, "and staked out the site of the present town."

"What was there of it then?" I asked.

"Two abode houses, three or four Spanish women, a Mexican horse thief, and myself. The rush hadn't commenced then. I stayed awhile on Cherry Creek, and then I went South. Before I went I sold the site of the present city for an old silver watch, a sack of meal, and $2.00."

The next time I met him was in Denver. On this occasion he was a sorrel-complexioned creature, with small gray eyes and a parchment face. He spit out a huge chew of tobacco, preparatory to lying with greater ease, leaned back and began:

"I came to Denver in 1859, and staked out this great and bustling town ye see around ye. Stayed around here for awhile and then sold it for an old silver watch and a mustang, and if I'd held on to it, I'd been a United States Senator or suthin' of that sort now, but so luck goes."

I looked at him a moment but he did not wince. The lie was so old that he felt a certain confidence in its health and vigor.

Two or three days afterward a man came into my office. "I came in," he said, "to see if you would like to have the experience of a pioneer. I'm more than a barnacle; I'm a pre-Adamite. I've been in the mines for thirty years and I'm the first man that came to Denver. When I struck in here from the South, there were only two abode houses in the place, and I staked out the site of the present town to work as a placer claim. I worked——"

"Did you come here in 1859."

"I did." He answered.

"Did you sell your claim for an old silver watch and a broken down mule?" I inquired.

He looked at me for a moment with an injured air and asked, "Hez some somebody been working up this story?"

"In a manner," I answered. "If you've got any spare time on your hands you can find the man on every street corner and in every saloon in town. If you are in the least successful you will see three or four of him together. Some of him is dead, some of him has gone to Leadville, more of him thinks of going to Gunison, a dozen of him are in San Juan, but there are still a number of him around the place. He is of all sizes, shapes, colors, and ages, and the only thing he agrees on is that he staked out Denver and sold it for a silver watch and any other article he happens to think of at the time."

The pioneer departed.

Languor, Its Cause and Remedy.

The cause of languor, when it is not the immediate or indirect consequence of positive disease, is traceable to a debilitating temperature. Persons living in a warm, moist climate are peculiarly subject to it. Diminished physical vigor and an indisposition to active exertion are its characteristics. Sometimes it is accompanied by undue relaxation of the bowels, and by dyspepsia or bilious symptoms. A reliable remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a strengthening and alterative medicine derived from the purest and most efficacious vegetable sources, with a pure spirituous basis, pronounced by eminent physicians a mild and wholesome stimulant. The Bitters, foremost of American Tonics, is largely used in the tropics, where the climate is very productive of debility, malarial fevers, and disorders of the bowels, liver and digestive organs.

AGRICULTURE.

The Correct Way to Handle Sheep.—There is a right way and a wrong way, a hard way and an easy way, an awkward and a skilful way to catch and handle sheep. A great many men will seize the sheep by the wool on the back with both hands, and lift the animal clear from the ground by the wool only. Barbarous! Let some giant grasp you by the hair of your head and lift you from the ground by the hair only! Would you not struggle and squirm worse than the mute sheep does when lifted by the wool? And would there not be a complaint of a sore head for a week or two? If you do not believe it, try the experiment. We have slaughtered a great many sheep in years past, and when removing the pelts of such sheep as had been handled by the wool, we never failed to observe that beneath the skin wherever the animal had been caught by the wool, blood had settled. In many instances the skin had been separated from the body so that inflammation was apparent. We have known proprietors of sheep to be so strict in regard to handling them, that they would order a helper from the premises if he were to catch a sheep by the wool on any part of the body. Some owners of sheep direct their helpers thus: "When about to catch a sheep, move carefully toward the one to be taken, until you are sufficiently near to spring quickly and seize the beast by the neck with both hands, then pass one hand around the body, grasp the brisket, and lift the sheep clear from the ground. The wool must not be pulled. If the sheep is a heavy one, let one hand and wrist be put around the neck and the other pressed against the rump." We have always handled sheep in the way alluded to. We never grasp the wool. Others seize the sheep by a hind leg, then throw one arm about the body and take hold of the brisket with one hand. But ewes with lambs should never be caught by the hind legs, unless they are handled with extreme care. When sheep are handled roughly, especially if their wool is pulled, the small bruises and injuries will render them more wild and more difficult to handle.

Recent investigations threaten to upset some popular notions. It has long been supposed that early cut hay is more valuable than that cut later. If the judgment of the cows were a test, there would be no question about it. They will leave the riper hay, and even refuse to eat it at all, if they can procure that which is cut earlier. In the writer's dairy the milk falls off more than 10 per cent. when the young hay is changed for that cut two weeks later This is sufficient to support the general opinion, in spite of chemical analyses, which goes to show that ripe hay is heavier, more bulky; and contains more nutritious substance than that cut earlier. Perhaps the operations of the chemist can extract more nutritriment from ripe hay than can the cow's stomach; but as young hay feeds more profitably, it seems best to cut early.

Sensible Suggestions to Horse Trainers.—Never try to beat a colt into doing a thing, for if nervous he may turn out a vicious horse, and if stupid he may become stubborn. Remember that by patience and gentleness he may be got to do anything that will not hurt him. When the horse shows signs of shying at an object, do not beat him but lead him up to it, allowing him to stand and look as he comes closer; and after he examines it a few times he will not fear anything of the kind again. In passing by hedges with a colt, throw in stones and stop him until he takes no notice of the noise. Before putting on any article of harness, let your colt smell it, and then rub against his head, neck and body. Always start a horse with the voice, never with a cut of the whip. In starting, turn a little to one side, and in stopping when going up a hill, do the same.

Harness Galls.—It is a cruel thing to work a horse that has a neck worn raw by a badly fitting collar. It putting horses that have been comparatively idle during winter to the hard work of the plow and the harrow, painful and unsightly sores are often caused, which, unless cared for at once, prove of long duration, permanently disfiguring the animal. When the abrasion first appears, give the horse a day or two of rest. It is better to do this even if important work is somewhat delayed. Chloride of zinc diluted with fifty parts of water and applied with a soft sponge, is a good astringent, serving to harden and toughen the skin. But after all, the best way to prevent galling is to have the collar, and every part of the harness touching the horse, a perfect fit. Keep it well oiled and pliable. Then inure the animal to hard work gradually and kindly.

Straw for Food.—A small quantity of straw might be fed to working horses without injury. Straw fed only once a day to a working horse is an entirely different thing from straw morning, noon and night. And it is the same with fattening animals. With milch cows it is different, and they may be fed a considerable quantity of straw and not affect the flow of milk. The most important thing, and something that is usually neglected, is to keep the appetite of the stock always good. This is easily accomplished by judiciously feeding straw and hay together.

To Cure Scabs and Mange.—To cure scab in sheep rub with plain petroleum with a sponge three times a week. Dogs can be cured of mange in the same way.

"ANAKESIS"

Is an Infallible Cure for Piles.

Mr. Wm. J. Andrews, of Columbia, Tenn., writes the following:

Messrs. Neustaedter & Co., New York:

Gents—For upward of 20 years I have been afflicted with the Piles. When I first took them they were blind and very painful. For about ten years they continued as blind, then commenced bleeding. The hemorrhoids continued to increase until I was losing at every stool fully a gill of blood, and frequently, while standing at my desk, the blood would run down into my boots. I have had these hemorrhoids to last for several hours. In the meantime, like a drowning man, I was grasping at everything, trying to find relief. On one occasion I had them cauterized, which, after intense suffering for over a month, effected temporary relief, for a short time only however. About ten months since, while at stool, my eye fell on an advertisement headed in large letters, "Piles," "Send 2 cent stamp and get circular." I did so and received a few "Plain Blunt Facts" in reply, after reading which, I concluded it was such plain common sense that I would give "Anakesis" a trial. I did so and the result was, that after a few days use, the bleeding ceased and I have not suffered a moment's pain since. It is said that "a fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind." So, knowing quite a number of friends who were suffering like myself, I distributed quite a number of them, and from every one received a favorable report. I would not be without "Anakesis" for a hundred times its cost. To all who are afflicted with Piles I would say: "Give Anakesis a trial and you will no longer be a sufferer."

Wm. J. Andrews.

"Anakesis" is sold by all first-class druggists. Price $1.00 per box. Sent free by mail on receipt of price by P. Neustaedter & Co., sole manufacturers of "Anakesis," Box 3946 New York. Samples will be sent *free* to all sufferers.

DOMESTIC.

Food for the Sick.—Roast mutton, chickens, rabbits, calves' feet, game, fish, (simply dressed), and simple puddings are all light food and easily digested. Of course these things are only to be partaken of when the patient is recovering. In making toast and water never blacken the bread, but toast it only a nice brown. Never leave toast and water to make until the moment it is required, as it cannot then be properly prepared—at least, the patient will be obliged to drink it warm, which is anything but agreeable. A mutton chop, nicely cut, trimmed and broiled to a turn, is a dish to be recommended for invalids; but it must not be served with all the fat at the end, nor must it be too thickly cut. Let it be cooked over a fire free from smoke, and sent up with the gravy in it between two very hot plates. Nothing is more disagreeable to an invalid than smoked food. Never serve beef tea or broth with the smallest particle of fat or grease on the surface. It is better, after making either of these, to allow them to get perfectly cold, when all the fat may be easily removed; then warm up as much as may be required. Two or three pieces of clean whity-brown paper laid on the broth will absorb any greasy particles that may be floating on the top, as the grease will cling to the paper.

Elegant and Excellent Rolls.—Two quarts of flour, one-half cup of sugar, a piece of butter or beef drippings the size of an egg. Scald one pint of sweet milk and let it cool; then make a hole in the middle of the flour and pour in the milk and half a cup of yeast, a teaspoonful of salt, and set to rise in a warm place over night, or until very light. Then knead it and let it rise again. When well risen cut the rolls half an inch thick, shape round, spread over each round a little melted butter, and double it over so the roll is a half circle, then rise very light and bake. Place the rolls in close contact in the baking pans so that they may keep in shape.

Be Wise and Happy.—If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it. See another column.

Soft Soap.—Three-quarters of a pound of washing soda and a pound of brown soap cut in small pieces; put them in a large stone jar on the back of the range, when the range is not very hot, and pour over it a pailful of cold water; stir it once in a while, and after some hours, when thoroughly dissolved, put it away to cool. It forms a sort of jelly, and is excellent to remove grease from floors or shelves.

To Wash Silk.—Silk will wash as follows: Mix a quarter of a pound of honey, a quarter of a pound of soft soap and a gill of gin; lay each breadth of silk on a wooden table, and scrub it well with a brush and this mixture; then dip it successively in two pails of soft water; do not wring it, but hang it thus to dry, and iron between paper when sufficiently dry.

Chicken in Jelly.—Skin a large chicken, cut the meat off the bones as close as you can, season it as you would for a pie, put a meal crust over it and stew it in the oven for two hours; boil the bones down to a strong jelly, season, strain off and add a little gelatine, line your shape with a little of the jelly, and then cut hard-boiled eggs in slices, together with pieces of ham, and lay around the mould; fill it up with chicken; pour the jelly over, and when cold turn it out.

Medical men often puzzle themselves over the large sale that Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup enjoys. Its great popularity is due only to the excellent qualities possessed by this household medicine. 25 cents.

To Preserve Eels.—Cut them in pieces and prepare them as for cooking, then lay them in a jar with good strong gravy, half stew them, tie them down closely, and they will keep for six weeks. They should be well seasoned, in the first place, and a little wine put with them. The jar must not be opened until the eels are about to be used, when they should be stewed until done.

Rancid Butter Made Sweet.—To one quart of water add fifty-five drops of the chloride of lime; then wash thoroughly in this mixture of rancid butter. It must remain in the mixture two hours. Then wash twice in pure water and once in sweet milk; add salt. The preparation of lime contains nothing injurious.

To Bleach Clothes.—Clothes can be bleached by putting six cents' worth of oxalic acid into a gallon of boiling water, and pouring it over them. Stir them up and let them remain in it till the water is cold, and then lay out on the grass to bleach.

No Good Preaching.—No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See other column.

Sponge Pudding.—One pint of milk, one cup of flour, one tablespoonful melted butter, one tablespoonful sugar, six eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately. Heat the milk, then stir in the flour and butter until it thickens. When you take it off the stove add sugar and yolks. Bake till done, and serve with a rich sauce.

Mock Mince Pies.—One cup chopped raisins, one cup of molasses, one cup of vinegar, one cup of water, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful ground cinnamon, one of cloves and a little nutmeg; let this come to a boil; roll fine eight small crackers and stir them in. This will make three common sized pies.

Soft Gingerbread.—One cup of molasses, a spoonful of saleratus and one of ginger, a tablespoonful of butter or lard, using a pinch of salt with lard; stir and add a cup of boiling water and a pint of flour, making a thin batter. Bake one inch deep in a sheet.

A good way to settle coffee: when it is cool, after roasting, stir in the white of one egg, which settles the whole batch. Try it and see if it is not better than putting one in whenever made

For Scrofula in all its Forms, whether ulcerations of the Flesh or Bones, Enlargements of the Joints, Glands, Swellings, Eruptions, Tumors, &c., Dr. Jayne's Alterative has been found preeminently successful. By its action on the blood, it destroys the virus or poisonous principle from which these diseases originate, and drives it from the system.

HUMOROUS.

Couldn't Stop Her.—The gates at the passenger depots which shut out all people not having tickets for the trains were recently closed at the Union depot against an elderly woman wearing spectacles and using an umbrella for a cane.

"Can't pass without a ticket," said the man at the gate as she came up.

"I want to see if there's anybody on that train going to Port Huron," she answered.

"You can't pass without a ticket, madam."

"I've got a darter in Port Huron, I have."

"Can't help it, please. My orders are very strict."

"I tell you I want to send word to my darter!" she exclaimed, adjusting her spectacles for a better view of the official.

"Yes, but we can't help that, you see. Please show your ticket."

"I wan't this 'ere railroad to understand that I've got a darter in Port Huron, and she's got a baby four weeks old, and I'm going to send her word in spite of all the gates in this depot."

"Please show your ticket, ma'am."

"I tell you once more——"

"Please show your ticket, ma'am."

She gave the old umbrella a whirl and brought it down on his head with all the vim of an old-fashioned log-raising, and as he staggered aside she passed him and said:

"There's my ticket, sir, and I've got more behind it. Mebbe one man and a gate can stop me from sending word to my darter to grease the baby's nose with mutton taller if the weather changes cold but I don't believe it."

And she walked down the train, found some one going to Port Huron, and came back carelessly humming the melody of the "Three Blind Mice."

The stuck up exclusiveness of some of these English noblemen is positively refreshing. The other morning, while Lord Loftus was breakfasting at the Palace hotel, a solemn-looking chap across the table suspended operations on his section of broiled rubber and ejaculated: "Lord!" The English stranger supposed the sad man was about so say grace, but instead of that the latter repeated, "Lord?" "Are you addressing me, sir?" inquired the new Colonial Governor. "I am, Lord. I want to make a little business proposition to you. I've started about the red-hottest little watering place in the whole State up in Sonoma county. Everything way up. Sulphur spring, bowling alley, piano in the parlor—everything. All I want is to advertise it a little. Now I notice you Lord fellers are first-class cards for hotels. S'posin' you come up and spend a few days at my lay out. You can stay a square month, if you like, and it shan't cost you a cent—'ceptin' for drinks, if you are much on the imbibe. What yer say?"

"Well, by Jove!" said his lordship, putting up his eyeglass.

"I know it's a square-toed, liberal offer, but I'm giving you the straight tip. All you will have to do is to help to carve, and mebbe sing a little with the ladies and play billiards with the boys. If there's a hop we'll make you floor-manager, and—"

But the purse-proud autocrat had ordered the rest of his meal sent to his room and walked frigidly out. These airy English never had any snap about speculation, and that's a fact.

Nothing removes an Incipient Cold more quickly and pleasantly than a reliable cathartic medicine, such as that old and tried remedy, Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills, used by thousands of families throughout the land. Price only 25 cents.

Wit oftentimes finds a similarity where plain common sense only sees a difference. Some one has asked what is the difference between an ulster and a baby, A Scotchman, into whose brain a joke never enters except by the help of a surgical operation, would reply, perhaps, that the two things are not in any way to be compared; but the rest of us can see plainly enough that the one I wear and the other I was.

They occupied a rustic seat 'neath the spreading elm, the pale moonbeams fell gently through the leafy boughs, and shed o'er each their soft and silvery radiance. "Darling," whispered the poetic jeweller, "thou art like the matchless diamond, you are so brilliant and so pure; and what gem do I remind you of, dearie?" "The emerald," she softly murmured, "because you are so green."

"Professor," said the cheeky soph, "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely?" And the stern Professor, loving his little joke, promptly responded: "No, sir; brass has no effect whatever on them," thereby scoring three again the unsuspecting man of cribs.

There has never been found a person who tried Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia,) that did not say at once, it was the best soap she ever used. Try it once, you'll always use it.

"There," said the shopman, pointing to a beautiful epergne, "that's a fine centre-piece." "Cent apiece?" gasped old Mrs. Bagster, who stood near; "cent apiece? You may wrap up two of them for me, if you please, Mr. Smith"—adding, sotto voice, "I'd no idee them things was so cheap."

"I'm a rutabaga, and here's where I plant myself," said a tramp, as he entered a farm-house near Freeport, Ill., and seated himself at the table. "We allers bile ours," said the farmer's wife, and soused him with a dishpanful of boiling water.

What can you name without breaking it? Silence.

Why is a book like a tree? Because it has leaves.

"Practical Science."

Under the above heading, the *St. Croix Courier*, of St. Stephen, N. B., in referring to the analysis of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Sage's Catarrh Remedy, recently made by Prof. Chandler, of New York, and others, says: "Nothing was discovered which we think objectionable, and the published analysis should increase, rather than retard, their sale. To us, it seems a little unjust to call a man a quack, simply because he seeks to reap as much pecuniary reward as other classes of inventors." The English Press is conservative, yet after a careful examination of all the evidence, it not only endorses but recommends the Family Medicines manufactured by Dr. Pierce. No remedies ever offered the afflicted give such perfect satisfaction as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Hieskell's Tetter Ointment will cure sore Eyelids, Sore Nose, Barber's Itch on the face, or Grocers' Itch on the hands. It never fails. 50 cents a box, sent by mail for 60 cents.
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602 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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and vigorous, take E. F. KUNKEL's Bitter Wine of Iron. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and a most miraculous change produced by taking E. F. KUNKEL'S Bitter Wine of Iron in the diseased, debilitated, and shattered nervous system. Whether broken down by excess, weak by nature, or impaired by sickness, the relaxed and unstrung organization is restored to perfect health and vigor. Sold only in $1.00 bottles, or six bottles for $5.00. Ask your druggist for E. F. KUNKEL'S Bitter Wine of Iron and take no other. If he has it not, send to proprietor, E. F. KUNKEL, No. 259 N. Ninth Street, Philadelphia. Advice free; send three-cent stamp.

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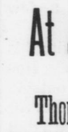
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